The bloody crusade of Cuban exiles

Getting high on running ☐ The women's movement in poetry

OCTOBER 29, 1976 $1.00
THE FEATURE NEWS MAGAZINE

# NewTimes®

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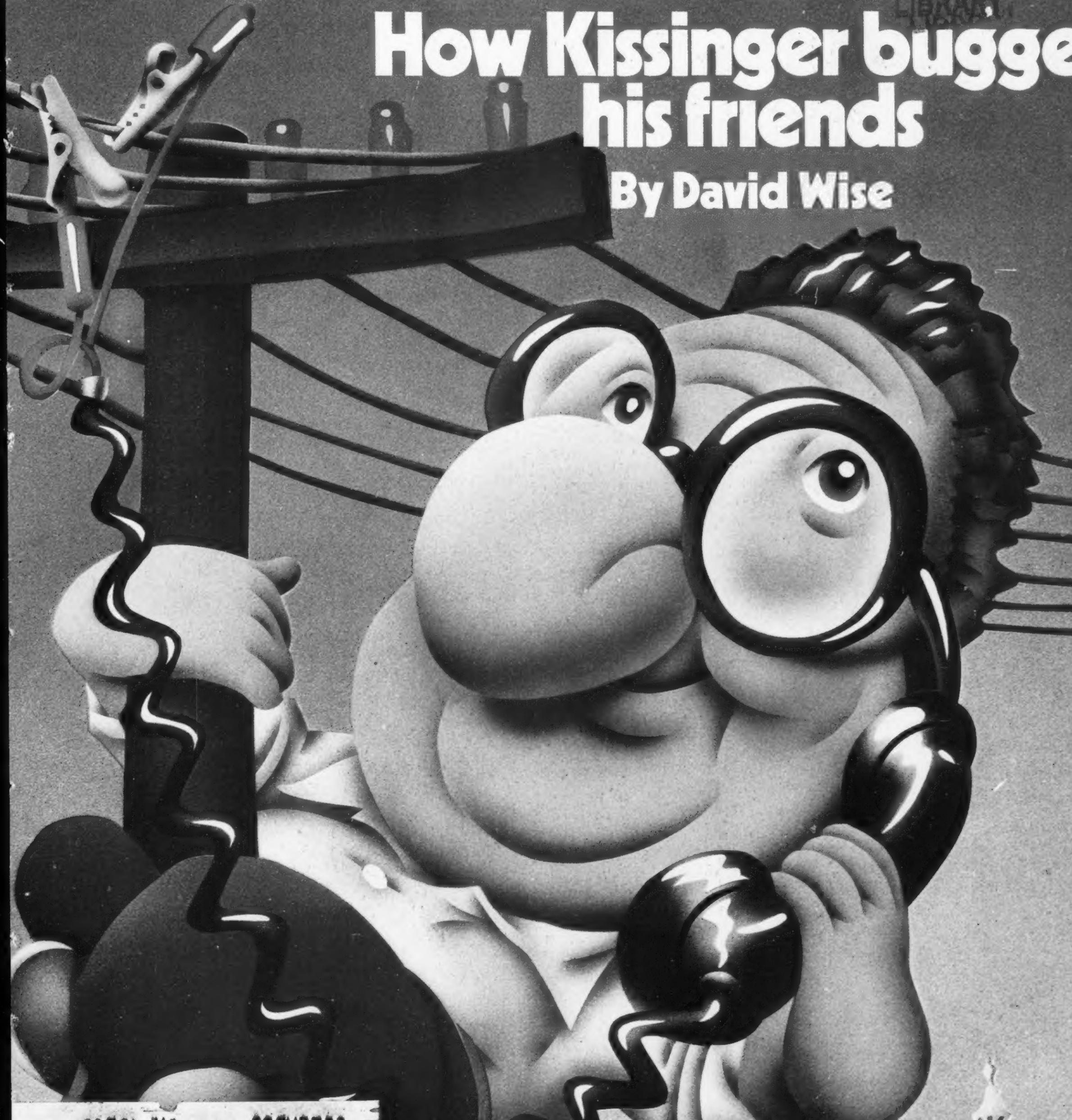
## How Kissinger bugged his friends

By David Wise



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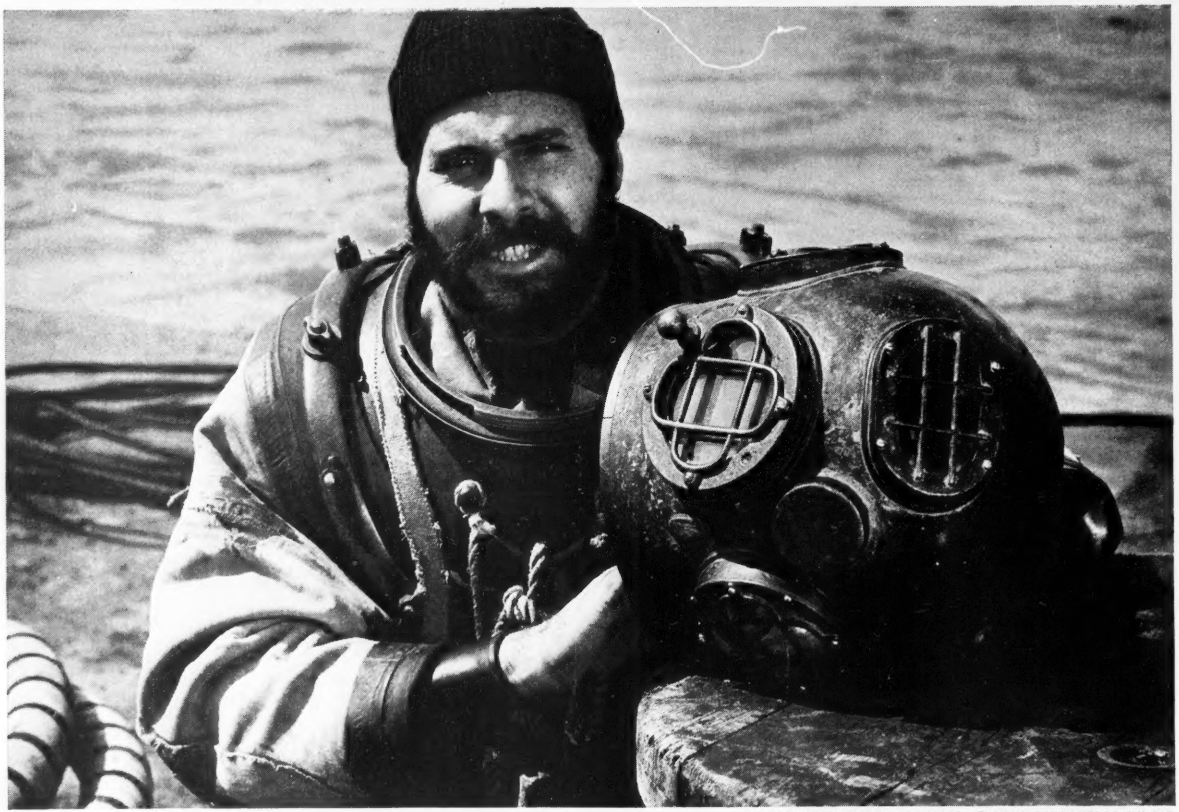

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF • © SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., N.Y., N.Y.

## MICHAEL SANDLOFER

HOME: Nyack, New York

AGE: 28

PROFESSION: Commercial deep-sea diver and lecturer in underwater life cycles

HOBBIES: Marine specimen collecting, skydiving.

MOST MEMORABLE BOOK: "The Frail Ocean" by Wesley Marx

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Established "Northwind," a nautical sea museum in Nyack, New York.

QUOTE: "As the final earthly frontier, the sea is the ultimate source of food and minerals. Man must learn to harness its power in a positive way, and be able to replace whatever is removed from it."

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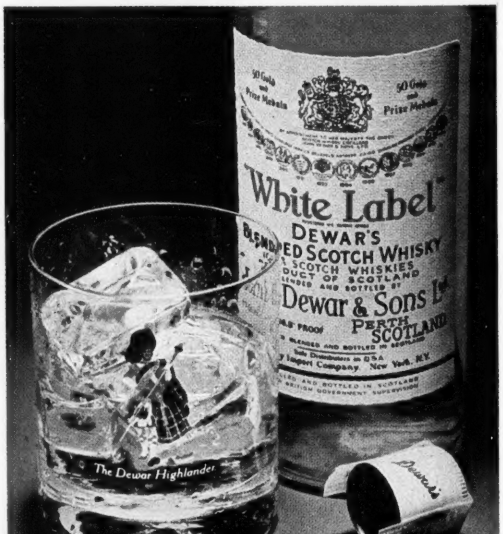
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SONY

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They absorb vibrations—whether from footsteps bouncing on the floor or sound waves bouncing off the wall. Otherwise, these vibrations would be transferred to the stylus, amplified, and be transferred back to the stylus—creating a vicious cycle.

If you're wondering how we managed to do this—how our semi-automatic shot down their high-flying manual—our response is a brief one.

While Pioneer relied on its reputation, Sony relied on its engineers.

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# NewTimes

OCTOBER 29, 1976
VOLUME 7, NUMBER 9

### The Kissinger wiretaps

During the Nixon administration, 17 newsmen and government officials were tapped by the FBI. Kissinger has always claimed a passive role in the skulduggery, but this new examination of the evidence just doesn't support him.

**By David Wise**
Page 24

**COVER**
ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT GROSSMAN

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ALL EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE should be directed to NEW TIMES, One Park Avenue, New York, New York 10016.

### Little Havana's reign of terror

Miami's 450,000 Cuban-émigré community, wracked by bombings and assassinations, is in the midst of a civil war. Much of the strife is attributed to anti-Castro groups and a shadowy fugitive leader by the name of Orlando Bosch.

**By Dick Russell**
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### Out of the bell jar

Across the nation, scores of women are writing poetry about each other and for each other, creating new connections with timeless myths and modern experiences.

**By Louise Bernikow**
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### Running: the new high

Running is fast becoming the runaway favorite pastime of all manner of folk. Most enthusiasts cite physical benefits as the reason they first started running, but credit the psychological benefits—the change in perspective, the sheer joy running brings—as the reason they continue.

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Racial jokes—our nation's sorriest punch line.
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Translating the candidates' foreign policy.
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# Behind The Scenes

I first heard Earl Butz' now famous remarks three weekends ago. Jon Larsen called me on a Saturday to tell me that Tony Schwartz, the Insider editor, had successfully linked Earl Butz to a tasteless racial remark, previously published in *Rolling Stone* without attribution. Larsen was calling to give me early warning that Tony's scoop could make waves, given the controversy that had already arisen around the far more temperate words uttered by Carter in *Playboy*. The minute Larsen told me Butz' actual language, I agreed.

The next week, virtually everyone in the office became involved in Schwartz' story. I called a reporter-friend at the *New York Times* to see if they might pick up the story. He expressed interest, but said that he had no time to check it out, and would have to pass it along. He told me someone would get back to us, but no one did. We then took the story to the *New York Post*, where Tony had just accepted a job as a columnist. The *Post* editors considered putting it on the front page, but decided at the last minute not to use the story. Contributing editor Robert Shrum then fed the story to a friend at the AP—and again, no interest. Finally, West Coast editor Robert Scheer called Judy Woodruff, a correspondent for NBC. She *was* interested. Within a matter of hours, Woodruff was questioning Ron Nessen about Butz' quote.

"Did you get that from the Carter people? Aren't you friendly with them?" Nessen parried.

"I am friendly with some of the Carter people," Woodruff replied, "But that is not where I got the Butz remark."

Later that day, Woodruff confirmed *New Times*' story with Pat Boone, just as Schwartz had done two days before. The Butz slur broke on that evening's news. Just moments before John Chancellor went on the air with it, Butz himself called the network, almost weeping, to try to explain his remarks even while reconfirming them. Within two days, the story was on the front page of the two newspapers that had first turned it down—and every other newspaper in the nation. On the third day, the secretary resigned. It had been exactly two weeks since Schwartz came to work with the Dean article under his arm, musing, "You know, I think there's a really big story here if we can just find out which cabinet member made this incredible remark in Dean's story. . . ."

If you live within the New York–New Jersey–Connecticut tri-state area, chances are that the *New Times* you are holding contains information on New York City's Bicentennial Marathon, to be held on October 24. We bound that information into your copy because *New Times* is sponsoring the event—perhaps the most important long-distance running race ever held in the states. There will be some 2,000 runners, including Olympic marathoners from around the world. And then there will be people like myself, strict amateurs hoping to make it to the end of the 26-mile 385-yard course.

STEVE PHILLIPS

*George A. Hirsch and Frank Shorter, America's premier distance runner.*

Why is *New Times* sponsoring a running event? Well, it could be that as an old quarter-miler in college, and a re-born marathon runner, I am simply partial to the sport. But I think it goes deeper than that. America has suddenly become a nation on the run. For reasons which are spelled out in N.R. Kleinfield's short article on page 58, long-distance running *is* new times, a self-sufficient biodegradable Zen-tinted non-competitive athletic which the whole nation can enjoy. ●

George A. Hirsch

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# To smoke or not to smoke.

That is the question.

With all the slings and arrows that have been aimed at smoking, you may well be wondering why you smoke at all.

If you don't smoke nobody is urging you to start.

But if you do smoke, you may enjoy it so much you don't want to stop.

There's the rub. Because if you do smoke, what do you smoke?

The cigarettes of the past provided a lot of smoking pleasure but they also delivered a lot of the 'tar' and nicotine the critics have aimed at.

And most of the new wave brands with low 'tar' and nicotine taste like a lot of hot air.

But now Vantage has entered the scene.

Vantage is the cigarette that succeeds in cutting down 'tar' and nicotine without compromising flavor.

While Vantage isn't the lowest 'tar' and nicotine cigarette you'll find, it probably is the lowest one you'll enjoy smoking.

If you smoke, try a pack of Vantage. And if you don't, why not show this ad to someone who does.

It might settle the question.

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FILTER: 11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report APR. '76.

# Letters

## Bucking Bilderberg

I have followed with interest your recent articles by Robert Scheer concerning Prince Bernhard and the Bilderberg organization (The Ruling Class, September 17 and October 1). The Bilderberg group's intentions have also been seriously questioned and studied by what *New Times* might call the "far right." Gary Allen and other conservative writers have tied the Council on Foreign Relations to Bilderberg and noted that the Bilderberg Steering Committee and Advisory Committee are made up of past or present members of the C.F.R. It's interesting that an apparently "liberal" magazine has touched common ground with a subject that troubles and scares many conservatives.

*James B. Leimbach*
*Durham, North Carolina*

We, the people, the taxpayers, the builders and lifeblood of the nation must demand the truth behind these secret conferences.

*Julie Hixson*
*Norfolk, Virginia*

## Shiatsu slip-up

We were happy to see that your cover story featured Shiatsu (September 17) but sorry to note that you failed to credit Wataru Ohashi, president of the Shiatsu center, for the wall chart figures you used as illustrations. Inquiries about the diagrams, classes or treatments can be directed to the Shiatsu Education Center of America at 52 West 55th Street, NYC 10019.

*Martha Murphy, Administrator*
*Shiatsu Education Center of America*
*New York City*

## Kirkland on Carter

Your Insider of September 3 contains an item from an unidentified source quoting some purported derogatory remarks about the character of Gov. Jimmy Carter allegedly made by me to some unnamed "Democratic official."

This story is wholly false. I made no such remark to a "Democratic official" (whatever that is) or to anyone else. Nor does it in any way reflect my views.

On the contrary, I believe that there are positive differences, in Gov. Carter's favor, between him and the incumbent. And I believe that Gov. Carter possesses the elements of mind and character which will make him a great president.

*Lane Kirkland*
*Secretary-Treasurer*
*AFL-CIO*
*Washington, D.C.*

*Editor's Note: New Times* stands by its story.

## Touching 'Running Fence'

Stephen Singular's article on Christo's "Running Fence" (September 3) sparked my interest, so I drove down the Pacific coast from my home in Mendocino to check it out. After reading in your October 1 issue four letters critical of Christo from folks in Massachusetts, Illinois, New York City and San Diego—the closest being 400 miles from the fence—I had to write. I saw and touched the fence, and I thought it was beautiful.

J. RODNEY WYATT

The seagull-white fabric billowed with the constant winds which course inland from the ocean, dramatizing its erratic directions and force. The fence snaked and slinked over the hills and down the ravines, amplifying the contours and sensuous sleepiness of our coastal hills. The fence looked at home and in harmony—a surprise to my eye. I don't care whether the fence is art or not. I appreciated its movement and dimension—aspects which photographs, films and words can only diminish to two dimensions.

*Holly Mulcahey*
*Gualala, California*

## *Newsday*'s scoop

The item "Who killed Dr. King?" in the September 17 Insider caught my attention. Almost all the information which *New Times* attributed to Mark Lane, writing in *Newsworks*, actually was first reported in a copyrighted *Newsday* story last February. Les Payne, the author of that story, has been actively pursuing an investigation of the events surrounding the King assassination. I think he deserves full credit for the fine work he has been doing.

*Kenneth H. Brief*
*National Editor,* Newsday
*Garden City, N.Y.*

## Hang gliding

I have just read Roger Neville Williams' article on hang gliding (October 1). I was impressed, to say the least, with this new sport which enables people to soar above the earth by their own power and ingenuity. I am very intrigued and excited and would like to know where to write for more detailed information.

*Greg Robinson*
*West Point, New York*

*Editor's Note:* Lists of accredited hang gliding schools and introductory information for beginners can be obtained by writing to Tracy Knauss at the magazine *Glider Rider* P.O.B. 6009, Chattanooga, TN 37401, or to the U.S. Hang Gliding Association P.O.B. 66306, Los Angeles, CA 90066.

## Praise from prison

I would like to congratulate and compliment you on two articles in your September 3 issue, "Mainlining the revolution," by Lawrence Wright, and "Mexico's war on poppies—and peasants," by Mary Jo McConahay. I am presently serving an 8-year sentence in the Chihuahua State Penitentiary on charges of trafficking in marijuana so I know a little of Mexico and its "ways." You captured it all accurately.

*Elmer G. Davis*
*Chihuahua, Chihuahua; Mexico*

---

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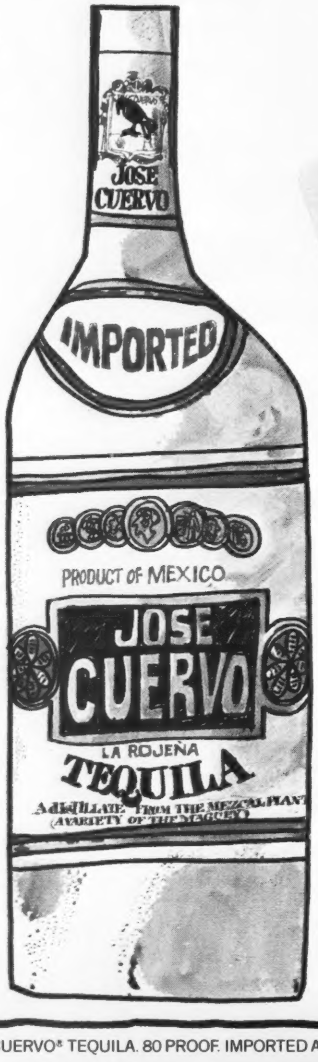
## The Teachings of Jose Cuervo:

# "There is white, and then there is white."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# Fulminations

## Closet racism/By Larry L. King

I think it was David Brinkley who said in honest outrage, that terrible night eight years ago when Dr. Martin Luther King was assassinated, something to the effect that each of us should rise in indignation the next time we heard a racist joke.

Probably I've heard about a thousand racist jokes since then. Yes, "nigger jokes." And—sorry, David—I'm afraid that I've largely permitted people to get away with them. Not only that, a few times I've laughed.

Earl Butz didn't get away with it—though it seemed to take forever, numerous embarrassing headlines and possibly a public opinion poll before President Ford decided it might be prudent to include him out. I doubt whether Secretary Butz would have found his error fatal in any other than an election year. Had it been an off year, when Republicans and Democrats didn't have immediate worries about their futures and no vital partisan points to score, I doubt if we would have heard much more than a little gentle grumbling for the record.

It's no news that America is polluted by racism; it's just that we don't openly talk about that dirty little secret. Not for the record, anyway. But if you want to get a true reading on the white man's soul, reflect on the recent conversation between Vice-President Rockefeller and House Speaker Carl Albert when they didn't know a certain microphone was open. They were making racist remarks and giggling like schoolboys, while the leader of an African nation addressed a joint session of Congress, and all their spluttered apologies afterwards can't erase what they said. What they said, unfortunately, is all too typical of the snide and hateful things that white folks say among themselves every day. If you don't hear it, then you're simply not listening.

Maybe I hear it more than most because of parading my southern accent in New York City. The assumption on the part of taxi drivers, bartenders, policemen, store clerks and some of my neighbors is that a virulent strain of racism must accompany such a cornpone-and-grits accent. Otherwise, why would they be so quick to begin ranting against "the niggers" or volunteer racist jokes? It happens so often that I long ago grew weary of the sport and have learned to see it coming from great distances. Once in awhile I scream at the presumptions of such bigots, not so much in my own defense as in defense of the South—which region, despite its long and sorry racist history, in recent years appears to be dealing more openly and honestly with its racial problems than have the rest of us. Most of the time, however, I attempt to change the subject or sit glumly hoping the moment will soon pass. I decided a long time ago that the screaming only excites my blood pressure and serves no real purpose. There's simply not a potential convert in a carload.

WIDE WORLD

*Butz resigning: he said it too loud*

Not that I'm all that much better or more "enlightened" than your average white. Intellectually, I don't think there's a bigoted bone in my body. Emotionally, however, there surely is. Old poisons run deep. Sometimes, when someone makes me angry, I think "You *black* son-of-a-bitch!" If I ain't a racist, hunny, then why don't I ever think of people in terms of being a *white* son-of-a-bitch? Lord knows there's enough of 'em.

Yeah, the racial situation in America is better than a decade ago. No doubt about it. We have laws on the books prohibiting earlier exclusions once taken for granted; more blacks hold public office and better jobs; on the surface things don't appear bad at all—if you stay away from the neglected cities, manage not to read statistics showing the relative unemployment figures as applied racially, or wear cotton in your ears.

A few years ago—after Watts, after the Civil Rights movement caught on in the South and transformed it, after whitey became scared and maybe even becomingly ashamed—it seemed that white America had come a long way in a short while and might get on with correcting old and festering injustices. But as protests against the Vietnam war heated up, and became the country's prime social concern, the war on racism seemed to lose its momentum. By the time the 1970s arrived, a white backlash seemed to have set in. It's as if people became weary of the fight for racial justice, tired of the tensions, sick of black protests and black demands. Suddenly black wasn't all that beautiful anymore. People who held their tongues during the years when the Civil Rights movement was powerful, and even assumed a certain popularity, now began to speak more openly racist sentiments.

Someone once said that history may be defined as little more than the recycling of old mistakes. Somehow we seem intent on honoring that definition as applied to race. For some eight years now—since Lyndon Johnson left the White House—the Federal government has been content to award black people no more than "benign neglect." When the cities are allowed to rot, then blacks are the primary victims. When street crime claims its victims, a high percentage of them are black. When unruly crowds attack busing of pupils and politicians blather against it, they are again making victims of blacks. When people complain of welfare costs, they are directing their anger against blacks. When the bankrupt cities begin slashing social services, their first victims generally are the poor—and the black. All the burning ghettos and black outrage of the 1960s apparently taught us nothing. We are permitting the same conditions that brought on the original upheavals. In so doing, we are courting their reoccurrence in the future.●

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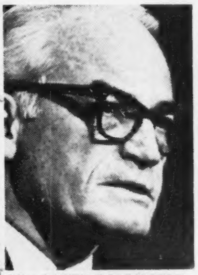
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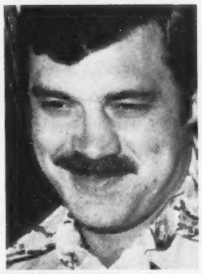
**ELIZABETH ASHLEY**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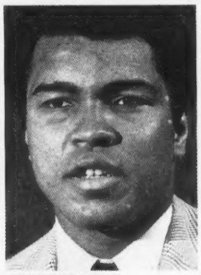
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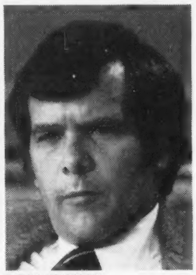
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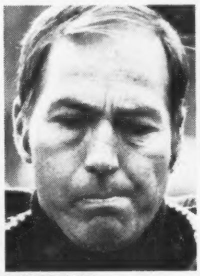
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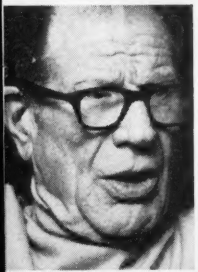
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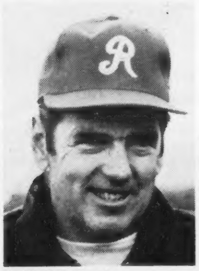
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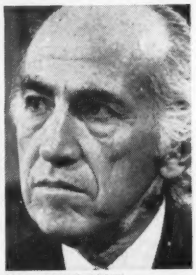
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# Party Lines

## Politics as football/ By Robert Sam Anson and Robert Shrum

It was time to go on stage. Jimmy Carter stood in his dressing room and glanced at Democratic National Chairman Robert Strauss. In that half-drawled, half-clipped accent which Strauss honed in the Dallas days of his corporate lawyering and the Washington years of his political wheeling and dealing, he pep-talked the candidate. "The press is ready to write the victory story," Strauss encouraged, then subtly challenged: "All you have to do is give them the copy."

Strauss had understated the media's mood as mere readiness. The "leading" journalists of the press corps were so anxious this time that they jumped the timer of the foreign policy debate. Two mornings earlier, Evans and Novak had discovered "a favorable turning point" for Carter. America's senior pundit, James Reston, had located the same metaphorical turning. *Time* magazine, the *Washington Post* and the *Star* also had perceived a similar shift pre-debate. Except for the lead and the last paragraph, *New York Times*man Anthony Lewis' morning after debate analysis was set in print the night before to be headlined: "Carter Turns A Corner." Thus led, the press corps was poised to move, once again, in a pack.

"Pack" or "fuselage" journalism, decried after each campaign, just as regularly repeats in the next one. The reason is in the nature of the beast. Despite its glamorous pretensions, political reporting can get to be a grind as weeks' worth of repetitive campaign stops and stump speeches plod toward November. A surprise that breaks the tedium, such as Carter's sermonette on not *Playboy*ing, becomes the different, and therefore the big, news.

Exactly that kind of surprise from Ford in the second debate fortuitously substantiated the evanescent notion of Carter rising. The evidence for it prior to the second debate was almost entirely in the media's imagination. Certainly, it was nowhere in the polls, which continued to lean the other way.

But Peter Hart, Caddell's only peer among Democratic opinion-takers, surmises that the polls which didn't prove it were ironically one reason for the reporting of Carter's comeback. According to Hart, in late September the campaign seemed suddenly transformed into a two-man race: Ford actually might win. The press, Hart says, had not expected the narrowing of the gap to go that far. They wanted a close contest but a new administration even more. Both would be the better stories. And Hart cites *Times* editorialist William Shannon as typical of liberal writers who were also ideologically appalled at the prospect of four more Ford years. As a result, the journalism of October went soft on Carter.

This shift fit "the pattern of political reporting as sports writing," says astute political pro Mark Shields. "The press likes a campaign where the momentum keeps changing—an exciting football game with big leads piling up, disappearing, each side falling behind and charging back."

So it all came together in the second debate: heralding a Carter comeback, the press really had it when dumb old Jerry fumbled the ball during Max Frankel's nifty reverse play on—who was ready for this?—Poland.

JIM ANDERSON/WOODFIN CAMP

No matter that neither Ford nor Carter will liberate Eastern Europe. Or that all Ford's verbal liberation of it proved was that he is not exceptionally alert—which is hardly news. The press played Ford's slip by the Romney Rule of the presidential game: penalize bloopers severely, irrespective of their real importance.

Muskie shed a tear in 1972 and his campaign collapsed, presumably because presidents, like little boys, are not supposed to cry. Carter himself had almost been thrown out of the 1976 game for saying "ethnic purity" though the substance of his policy was neither segregationist nor different from the other candidates'.

If the voters who finally score the presidential contest at first miss the significance of a fumble, the newspapers and networks will see that they get the word. The AP poll the day after the foreign policy debate showed a close 4-point Carter victory; three days later, the margin had multiplied to 23 points in a *Newsweek* survey. The process cuts both ways. Back when Ford's gains were the consensus story, an instant poll gave him an 8-point advantage in the first debate; following a week and a half of hearing that Ford won, the public agreed 2 to 1. Carter's fumble then, remembered now by all, was to be faintly nervous: another human thing presidents presumably are not permitted to be.

Played by these rules, the presidential game, like football, comes to be an end in itself rather than a means to determine larger issues. During the foreign policy debate, no questioner raised the size of next year's defense budget, troop cuts in Western Europe, CIA covert operations, or the possibility of American withdrawal from South Korea. Instead the panel played it as a game, tossing long-winded, tricky, mistake-triggering questions. NBC's Richard Valeriani wondered who would be in Carter's cabinet. If Carter had answered directly, the press could have reported another controversy and recorded another Carter blunder. Valeriani also asked about the MIA's. If either Carter or Ford had uttered Washington's most universally acknowledged off-the-record truth—that the MIA's are dead, that, too would have been a blooper. Henry Trewhitt of the *Baltimore Sun* inquired about the Panama Canal. Neither man could admit what both men's experts advise—that the United States must concede substantially to Panama or soon confront a little Vietnam in Central America.

No wonder the presidential candidates follow the football metaphor to a defensive strategy. Political managers coach their clients to avoid questions and evade the press. A recent *Newsweek* counted Carter's "cut back of off-the-cuff press conferences" as a sign of his improving campaign. Last spring, Carter looked forward to his daily news conferences, plural. He enjoyed meeting and beating the press on its own terms at its own game. After a few fumbles of his own, he too, became more defensive, less accessible.

But after the second debate, he was confident again of playing the game, if only when he has to. In Carter's post-debate dressing room Pat Caddell exulted: "That was the best performance ever in a presidential debate." Carter thanked him with a happy boast: "Wait till number three." ●

# The Ruling Class

## The best and the brightest—part two/By Robert Scheer

After the foreign policy debate in San Francisco I sought out the house liberals of the Carter campaign to see if they had been troubled, as I was, by some of Carter's hawkish posturing. They weren't. They were, on the contrary, elated that Jimmy had won the toughness Emmy. I got the same response from each—Pat Caddell, Pat Anderson, Barry Jagoda and Peter Bourne—and in almost exactly the same words. As Caddell put it, "Ford had the momentum but now we've got it back. The polls showed he had to be tough to win and he did it. Jimmy showed that he's a leader and that Ford isn't."

This leadership/tough guy strategy is based in large measure on an assessment of Kennedy's victory over Nixon in the 1960 debates. As Caddell told me, "Nixon had the advantage of an incumbent administration and Kennedy had to turn that around. He did it by charging the Republican administration with allowing communism to come within 90 miles of our shores because of Castro. Nixon was put on the defensive, saying that communism had not succeeded anywhere, but Kennedy hung him with the Cuban example." Which is just the trap Ford fell into in the second debate. Carter opened strong with a jingoistic blast about the loss of U.S. power and prestige in the world and Ford began to fumble hopelessly. Sitting in the Palace of Fine Arts theatre watching this with some other reporters sympathetic to Carter I heard myself say, "Great, Jimmy—you've got him." But soon the message sunk in, and I left the theatre depressed.

Outside, I ran into the liberal Carter aides, nice enlightened types with terrific senses of humor, who told me newly made up Polish jokes about Ford's gaffe. When they saw that didn't erase my scowl they threw in appropriate comments about Carter's stand on nuclear proliferation and overseas arms sales. But what really mattered for them was that Carter once again seemed a winner in the Kennedy mold.

Later that night Carter's tough stance evolved into a strategy for the coming weeks. Soon press releases attacking Ford's betrayal of the East European ethnic communities began emanating from Carter headquarters. The next day in Los Angeles Carter's impromptu remarks to Democratic party regulars bristled with 1950s cold war imagery. In a matter of days, virtually every columnist agreed that Carter had once again emerged as a "leader," a perception later echoed by Caddell's poll.

Lost in all this was the fact that Ford was right in his main point: American soldiers are not now dying in foreign wars—and they did, in considerable numbers, under the Democrats. (Of course Ford left out Nixon's bloodying of Vietnam and Cambodia and his own administration's complicity in the vicious overthrow of the elected government of Chile.) Lest we forget the judgment of the Pentagon Papers, it was Eisenhower who refused to send troops to Vietnam and it was Kennedy who lied to us about the special forces "advisers" he sent, purportedly to "aid in flood control." And it was, of course, LBJ who single-handedly escalated that small war into the most brutally irresponsible action in American history. Now that Carter has successfully pulled off the Kennedy ploy of outflanking the Republicans on the right with his attacks on detente, it is important to remember that Kennedy as president went on to implement much of what had been presumed to be mere campaign rhetoric. As a result we had the Bay of Pigs and Vietnam.

It is therefore responsible to ask, just what does President Carter intend to do about the fact that the Eastern Europeans are not free of Soviet domination? Not one of the housebroken journalists selected for the second debate had the presence of mind to ask Carter if he would have put American tanks in against the Russian ones that crossed into Czechoslovakia, or if he is in favor of using the CIA to assist in overthrowing the current Polish government. The fact is that direct U.S. intervention in Eastern Europe would lead to a nuclear holocaust, so any rational American president is left with the indirect, inadequate tools of diplomacy and economic pressure. If Carter has more direct means in mind, either for freeing Eastern Europe or for his threatened economic war in the Middle East, it would be nice if he laid them out before the election.

The young liberals around Carter simply refer to their personal knowledge of the man's integrity as irrefutable proof that he will have a benign foreign policy. But the rude facts are that for all of his integrity Carter did support the war in Vietnam until quite late and that he has now chosen to surround himself with foreign policy advisers who supported that war almost to a man. Judging by their writings, Cy Vance, Zbigniew Brzezinski, Paul Nitze, Samuel Huntington and many other Carter advisers actually regret that the cold war has waned in recent years. Nor can we be reassured by Carter's association with the Trilateral Commission since its inception four years ago. He says proudly that he learned his foreign policy by never missing a Trilateral meeting, and he chose its director, "Zbig" Brzezinski, to be his key foreign policy adviser.

If there is a difference between Brzezinski's and Kissinger's foreign policy approaches it is reflected in the Trilateral Commission's attempt to bring about a congress of the powerful nations. Brzezinski and Carter attack Kissinger for pursuing detente rather than making the first priority welding a tight alliance among Western Europe, the U.S. and Japan. That formula, of course, is just NATO with Japan thrown in. But fortunately the world has been moving in the other direction, towards polycentrism. Ford overstated the case, but it is true that Rumania, Albania and Yugoslavia are largely independent of Russia and that the Soviet hold on the rest of Eastern Europe has been weakened. Then, too, China, Cambodia, Laos, Vietnam and North Korea are examples of other communist governments that operate independently of the Soviet Union.

Why then is it necessary, for national security considerations, to prevent Italy or France from going communist? Why is it helpful to have a common negotiating position for the advanced capitalist countries against the poor, as Carter called for in the debate, unless it's to throw around the weight of the powerful? The Trilateral approach is a harkening back to a world that no longer exists.

It is good that Carter attacks Kissinger on Chile and Angola. But you have to wonder when he then swings abruptly to the right, as he did in the days following the debate, and fantasizes about the Berlin Wall coming down. It's true, as his liberal aides note, that he was firmly against nuclear proliferation and arms sales, but he was quick to "balance" that with his jingoism on Panama. The problem with Carter is that his positions derive too much from polling and too little from principle. That may be the way to get elected, but what has it to do with leadership?

Suspicions about Carter's motives in all this are reinforced by a look at Caddell's recent foreign policy polling, as set out in his Cambridge Report. (Caddell runs a private polling business in addition to his job with the Carter campaign.) Caddell's poll found that 44 percent of those asked did not want to see the U.S. "negotiate a treaty with Panama in which over a period of time Panama will come to own and run the Panama Canal" whereas only 29 percent favored such a treaty. Carter took the majority position in the debate. Forty-seven percent are against selling arms overseas and only 36 percent favor it; Carter was again with the majority. He is against the B-1 bomber and Caddell's figures show that 44 percent of the people share that position while only 27 percent favor the B-1 bomber. Perhaps there is also a correlation between Caddell's polls reporting a drop in support for cuts in the defense budget over the past year and the decline in Carter's own enthusiasm for such cuts. On the other hand, the public remains strongly against the proliferation of nuclear weapons and Carter has maintained that posture.

I don't know if Caddell polled about Mayaguez, but he told me that even when that occurred it was extremely unpopular for any politician to speak out against the president's actions. At the time Carter supported Ford enthusiastically. One week after the incident occurred he met with a group of liberal southern California businessmen at the Beverly Hilton who were concerned about his hawkishness on that issue. Carter wouldn't back down and stated: "We can't be pushed around in situations like that—we have to respond with strength." His response in that closed meeting of supporters indicated a knee jerk toughness that may even go beyond a simple desire to get elected.

One ends up voting for the Democrats because of domestic policy and being scared of them on foreign matters. In all fairness I should add that Carter's answers to my questions about foreign intervention in the *Playboy* interview were very reassuring, but still his performance the night of the debate and in the weeks following raised all the old doubts about the Democratic party leadership pushing an aggressive foreign policy. If this is an inaccurate appraisal then it is to be hoped that in the closing weeks of the campaign we come to see a somewhat less belligerent side of Jimmy Carter. ●

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# The Insider BY TONY SCHWARTZ

## Kissinger's advice to Juan Carlos/ Onions are good for your health

## Politics

### Kissinger and tell

When Juan Carlos assumed power in Spain a year ago, he asked Secretary of State Henry Kissinger for advice about how to run a country.

WIDE WORLD

*Juan Carlos: Kissinger's advice*

Kissinger was delighted to oblige. He sent Carlos a top secret memorandum with approximately a dozen major points. The document is classified, and only a handful of Kissinger advisers have a copy.

We were lucky enough, however, to get a peek at two of Kissinger's interesting pointers for kingship. First, the secretary of state suggested to Carlos that he surround himself with a small group of absolutely loyal advisers. That, wrote Kissinger, would make it possible for the king to circumvent the rest of the bureaucracy. Sound familiar?

Even more telling was a second Kissinger statement. The U.S., he wrote, would be very understanding if Spain's move toward liberalization proceeded slowly. How's that for a subtle and ominous hint? Concluded one person who saw the document: "It sounded like perfect Metternich."

### The Butz fallout

In the two weeks since *New Times* identified Earl Butz as the source of racist remarks made to John Dean and Pat Boone, considerable evidence has emerged to indicate that the incident was far from isolated.

*New Times* has learned that under Butz' leadership at the Department of Agriculture, farm loans to blacks dropped precipitously. In fiscal 1972, 24 percent of the Farmer's Home Administration loans went to blacks. By 1975, the figure had dropped to 14 percent. In terms of the department's employment of blacks, even under equal opportunity hiring guidelines, the percentage actually dropped from December of 1975, (11.0 percent) to August of 1976 (10.8 percent).

The *Los Angeles Times* has reported that under Butz, the Department of Agriculture employed a lower percentage of blacks than any government department except NASA. Moreover, the *Times* reported that Butz himself assisted in efforts to disband the department's equal opportunity office. Ironically, the dismantling plans were originally directed by then-Assistant Secretary for Administration Joe Wright, an H.R. Haldeman protégé.

As to Butz' personal beliefs, *New Times* has learned that Butz' racial slur on an airplane following the Republican convention came as little surprise to several Agriculture Department officials. What surprised them is that Butz lost his job for making the comments, since they say he regularly made racist remarks, and no one had publicly objected before.

One interesting sidelight to the Butz affair was Senator Dole's private reaction. He was frustrated at Ford for not firing Butz immediately, and told the President so on the phone. The GOP Veep candidate thought it was political idiocy to try to rough this one out. But, Ford's delay did not dampen Dole's sense of humor. When Butz finally resigned, Dole called Edward Brooke, who had been the first senator to call for Butz' resignation. "How'd you like to become Secretary of Agriculture?" Dole kidded Brooke. "No thanks," replied the only black senator. "I'm holding out for an Ambassadorship to Liberia."

UPI

*Butz: the aftermath*

### The Liberia tapes

The Liberia incident to which Senator Brooke jokingly referred has fallen out of the news in the wake of more telling indiscretions. However, the circumstances under which the joking racial references made by Nelson Rockefeller and Carl Albert got reported, remain interesting. The comments were fed inadvertently over a radio feed into the House TV–radio gallery. Gallery superintendent Mike Michaelson threatened to take away the press credentials of any reporter who made public the comments. A National Public Radio reporter decided to report the comments anyway, and other reporters followed. The irony is that many news organizations have a tape of the remarks, and none of them have used it. That, apparently, was a sop to Michaelson after his original directive had been ignored.

WIDE WORLD

*Rockefeller & Albert: how it happened*

### Peppering SALT

Although Jerry Ford sounded committed during the second debate to negotiating a SALT II agreement as soon as possible, he took another view in a private conference with top advisers before the debate. The meeting took place at Camp David in

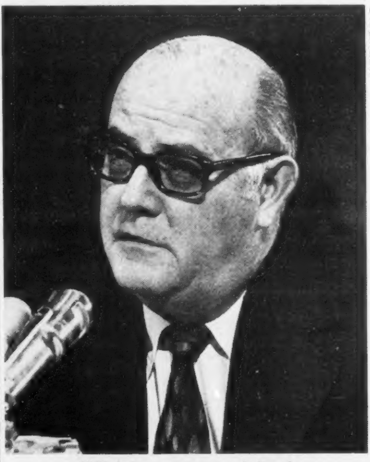
September, and the discussion centered on which issues were worth pushing hard before the election. On the SALT II question, Ford and his advisers decided to take no initiative to offer the Soviets any compromise before the election. The reasoning was that any other position could be politically costly. Thus the SALT delegation has been left to dicker over minor points, with no likelihood that there will be any progress toward an agreement before the election.

## Running Wild

Will the full story of Gulf Oil lobbyist Claude C. Wild Jr. ever emerge? Wild has confessed publicly to handing out over $5 million in Gulf funds to various politicians over the years (even though corporate contributions have been illegal since the turn of the century). In the Watergate summer of 1973, he had the audacity to amble through Congress and hand out a total of $170,000 to scores of Senate and House leaders. The money was laundered through banks in the Bahamas and smuggled into Washington in bulging suitcases.

Wild is not contrite, and few of the recipients of his money have been prosecuted. About $4 million of Gulf's under-the-table domestic payoff money is still unaccounted for. Wild distributed money in his capacity as a Gulf vice-president in charge of government affairs, at a salary of over $100,000 a year. Along with a cadre of up to 45 corporate bagmen, Wild distributed a domestic yearly cash kitty between $400,000 and $1 million.

Wild told *New Times* that such setups were "quite common among large corporations with frequent government dealings. I was just better than everyone else." According to SEC testimony from Wild's former lawyer and Wild's own testimony, recipients of this cash included Presidents: Lyndon B. Johnson ($50,000), Richard Nixon ($100,000) and Gerald Ford ($2000 from an apparently legal fund that Wild controlled); presidential contenders: Henry Jackson ($15,000), Wilbur Mills ($15,000) and Hubert Humphrey ($25,000). Senator Mark Hatfield got $10,000 and Hugh Scott, the Republican minority leader from Penn., Gulf's home state, got nearly $100,000 in unsubstantiated legal fees.


WIDE WORLD

*Wild: bagman revisited*

Wild bragged that he had "assisted all the senators in Watergate except Sam Ervin." In view of the on-the-record contributions to four senators—Daniel Inouye ($5,000), Joseph Montoya ($500), Howard Baker ($5000, half of which was returned after it became public) and Lowell Weicker ($1,000)—his incredible assertion seems plausible.

The Watergate special prosecutor is looking into the case, and a few months ago Wild named four senators and four congressmen as recipients of some of this under-the-table money. But there are many problems. Congress recently reduced the statute of limitations on illegal campaign contributions from five years to three, and the result is that most of the prosecutions would have to be for income tax evasion, perjury or conspiracy. Also, according to a source in the special prosecutor's office, "We have so many people who could be indicted that we don't know where to begin."

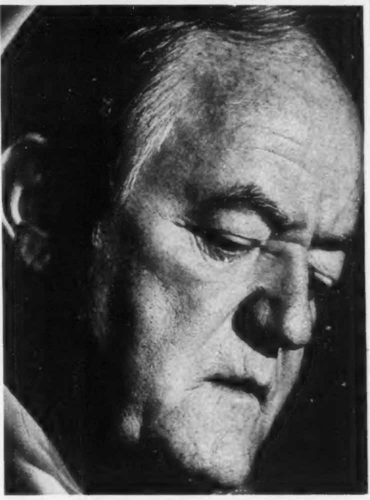
## California dreamin'

Jerry Brown knows which way the wind blows. Before the second debate, when Jimmy Carter's fortunes were on the wane, CBS correspondent Roger Mudd asked a series of leading California Democrats which presidential candidate they thought would win the state. Every politician but one predicted Carter would win—generally by margins ranging between 5 and 12 percent. Governor Brown was the exception; he refused to predict.

Then came the second debate. After it was over, the same Jerry Brown who had been "too busy" to make as many appearances for Carter as were requested, began showing up everywhere at Carter's side. One observer who watched Brown in action remarked bemusedly, "It's like he was glued to him."

## Humphrey's battle

Although Hubert Humphrey chose to keep it quiet, the fact is that he had cancer back in 1973, even though news reports described his condition as pre-cancerous. At the time, five specialists were called in for consultation. Two of them recommended surgery to remove his bladder, while the other three suggested cobalt therapy. Humphrey decided on the latter, knowing that if it failed—and scarring occurred—subsequent surgery migh be more difficult. Humphrey reasoned that the risk was worth it because the operation would leave him an invalid. The cancer persisted but fortunately Senator Humphrey's October bladder operation went off successfully. In the group that has his type of bladder cancer, the chances for long-term survival, he has been told, are 60-70 percent.


FRED ANDERSON/BLACK STAR

*Humphrey: the long battle*

## End run

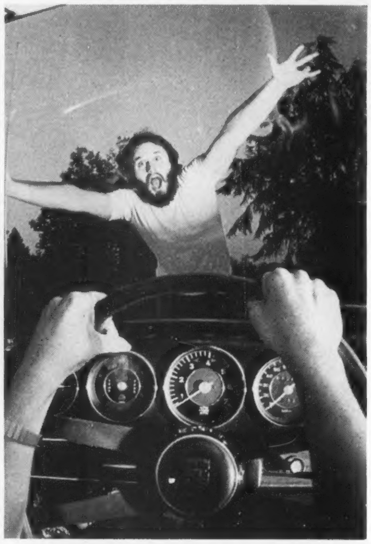
Although Jimmy Carter's success in the second debate has diminished the concern about his prospects, the campaign still has serious organizational troubles. That was the clear message from 13 Democratic senators who sat down late in September with top Carter adviser Charles Kirbo to discuss the campaign. A number of the senators had already expressed their view that the Carter campaign was both poorly organized and poorly run. Not one of them expressed a positive view.

Senator Adlai Stevenson, for instance, complained that in Illinois Carter was coming across as a radical, and might well lose the state unless he changed. Several southern senators expressed similar complaints and said they felt it was undermining Carter's southern base—a view Kirbo himself had been taking for some time in private clashes with Hamilton Jordan and Jody Powell.

# Seventies

## Death be not proud

It's a rather morbid notion, but there's no denying that people have long been fascinated by bloody accidents. The electronic game is called "Death Race" and it makes fun out of reckless driving. For a quarter, players can run over images of terrified little bowler-hatted pedestrians who look and walk a lot like Charlie Chaplin. Players adept enough to bump off the little men with their cars are rewarded with an electronic scream at the moment of impact. A tombstone subsequently appears to mark the spot.


NICOLE BENGIVENO

Death race: electronic morbidity

The game, manufactured by Exidy, Inc. of Mountain View, California, has been on the market for about five months. Exidy Marketing Director Paul Jacobs claims that Death Race is now "one of the three top electronic games in the country. All the successful games have elements of violence in them," he explains.

Quite so, and it leads us to speculate about what might be next. "SM" perhaps, in which players snap electronic whips at erogenous zones in the hope of eliciting recorded moans?

## Cheap shot

Is the U.S. government tacitly encouraging its citizens to stockpile weapons? Congressman Abner Mikva (D–Ill.) suspects that might be the inadvertent result of an ancient government program under which weapons are provided wholesale to members of the National Rifle Association (NRA).

The unusual situation grows out of a civil marksmanship program, started in 1913 to provide civilian firearms training in case of a national emergency. When the program was drawn to his attention, Mikva asked for a General Accounting Office study of its effects, and the conclusions are bound to raise eyebrows:

- NRA members have bought almost 700,000 firearms since the late 1950s at government cost—approximately one-third of the regular retail price.
- During the late 1950s and early 1960s, nearly 160,000 handguns were sold to NRA members at bargain prices.
- NRA members have either bought at cost or received for free 40 million rounds of ammunition within the last three years.

We hardly need add that Mikva has called for the program's abolition.

# Mind & Body

## Dry run

Lithium, the wonder drug for depression that was partly responsible for vastly reducing the population of the nation's mental institutions, might next be making some dramatic inroads in alcoholic wards.

At a neuropsychiatry lab in Epsom, England, a team of physicians assigned 16 depressive alcoholics to receive either lithium or placebo tablets. Neither the doctors nor the patients knew which group would get the real thing, and both groups were told their pills would help them stop drinking.

At the end of the year-long trial period, not one of the inebriates in the placebo group was drinking less. However, among those receiving lithium, six of eight achieved abstinence and the other two cut their drinking to manageable proportions.

The doctors said the study provided evidence that "lithium reduces the drinking of depressive alcoholics," but they cautioned that its effect on alcoholics not subject to depression was unclear. The distinction seems academic; how many happy alcoholics are there after all?

## Take heart

One of the least credible contentions made by health food nuts is that garlic and onions are good for the heart. But sure enough, that was the case when research physicians at a medical school in India compared a group of 45 persons who regularly eat a great deal of garlic and onions, to a group of 35 others persons who eat none. They found lower counts of cholesterol, triglycerides and lipoproteins in the blood of the onion group.

"We conclude," the physicians reported in the prestigious British medical journal *The Lancet*, "that regular consumption of onion and garlic in the diet has a protective effect on some important factors that are linked to atherosclerosis, or hardening of the arteries." For our part, we can't help but wonder about the implications of this news for mouthwash manufacturers. . . .

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ILLUSTRATION BY PATRICK CALKINS

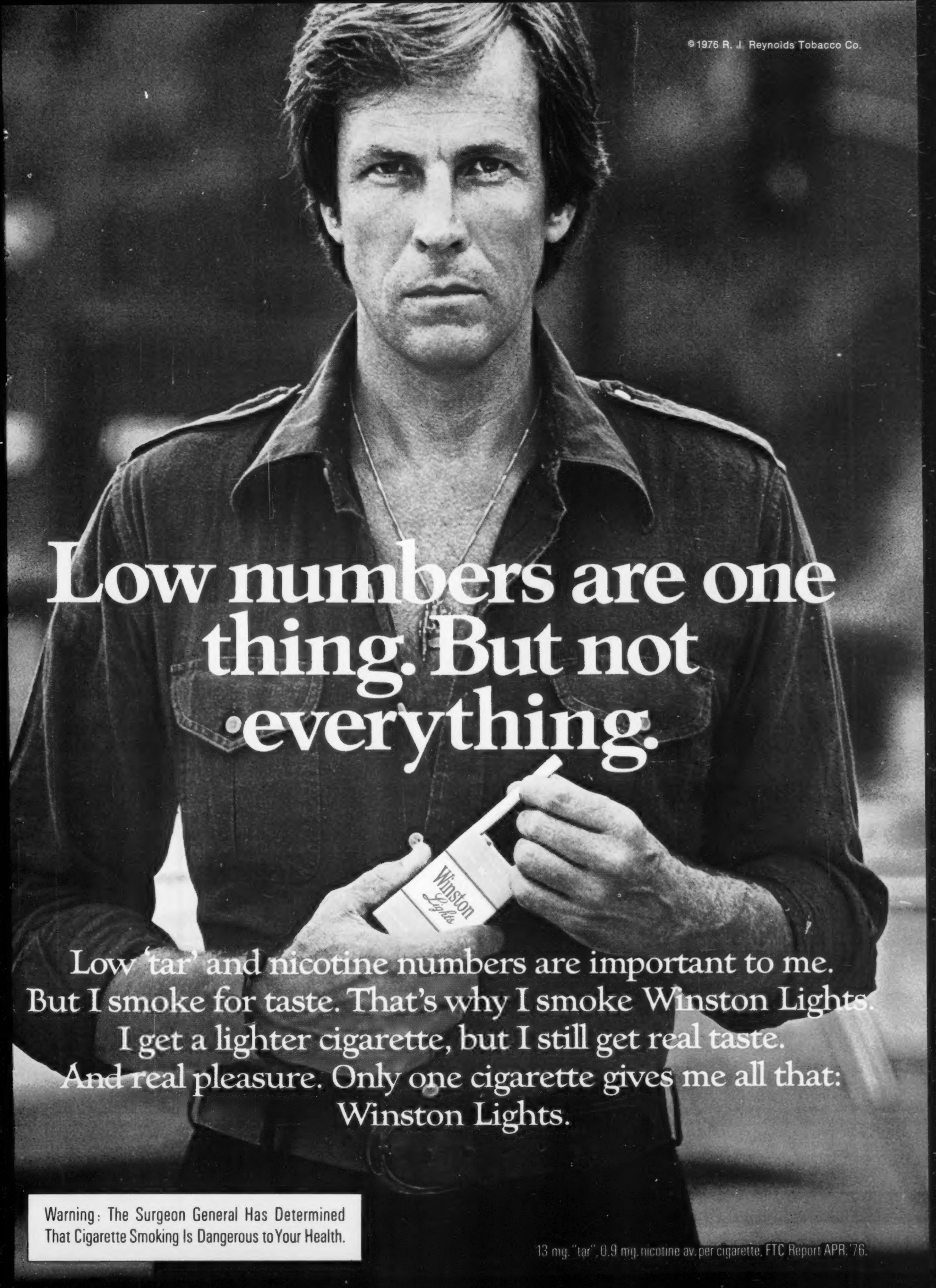
# Post Scripts

## Clearing White (*NT*: Sept. 8, 1975)

A year ago, just before election day, *New Times* detailed the charges of corruption against Boston Mayor Kevin White. White won reelection anyway, but a grand jury was convened to investigate the charges against him.

Last month, the grand jury returned no bill. As part of a terse four-paragraph statement, it noted that "presentations spanned the period of five months and involved some 24 witnesses (but) . . . the evidence did not warrant the return of indictments."

**Contributors:**
Paul Engleman, Blake Fleetwood, Larry Frederick, Susan Hathaway,



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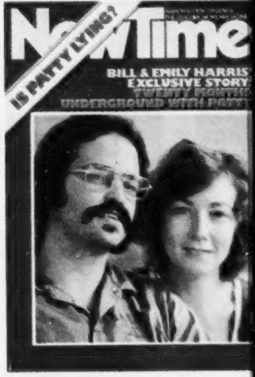
13 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report APR. '76.

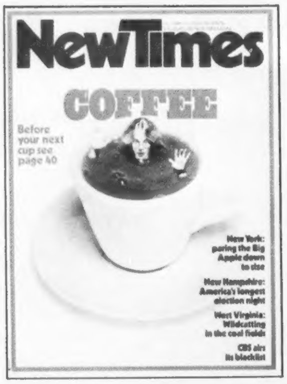
# Say Merry Chr next year

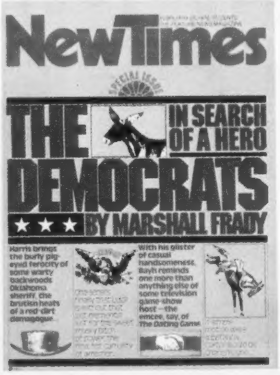
American Junkies and the Mexican Revolution
NewTimes
Jimmy's friends in rock
Phil Walden, Macon's Music Man, helped shape Carter's rise. Can he survive Gregg Allman's fall?

The wizards behind ABC's spectacular rise
Non-voters – the new majority
Hang gliding's daredevils
NewTimes
Sexual alchemy
It's a whole new game for Renee Richards

SPECIAL ISSUE
NewTimes
Looking for Jimmy
By Robert Sam Anson


NewTime
IS PATTY LYING?
BILL & EMILY HARRIS
EXCLUSIVE STORY
TWENTY MONTHS
UNDERGROUND WITH PATTY


NewTimes
COFFEE
Before your next cup see page 40
New York: paring the Big Apple down to size
New Hampshire: America's longest election night
West Virginia: Wildcatting in the coal fields
CBS airs its blacklist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SPECIAL ISSUE
THE DEMOCRATS
IN SEARCH OF A HERO
★ ★ ★ BY MARSHALL FRADY
Harris brings the burly pig-eyed ferocity of some warty backwoods Oklahoma sheriff, the brutish heats of a red-dirt demagogue.
With his glister of casual handsomeness, Bayh reminds one more than anything else of some television game-show host – the emcee, say, of The Dating Game

Nora Sayre on the Republican apocalypse
Why you're wasting your money on most over-the-counter drugs
Pornography in the courtroom: the U.S. v. Harry Reems
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What do Jackie Onassis, Muhammad Ali, Rudolf Nureyev and John Lennon have in common?
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Acupuncture without needles

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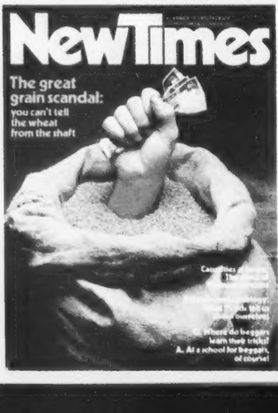
The health hazards of beauty products are more than skin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The great grain scandal: you can't tell the wheat from the shaft
Q. Where do beggars learn their tricks?
A. At a school for beggars, of course!

The Panama Canal: a time bomb on our doorstep
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The CB radio craze
Everyone–even Betty Ford–is tuning in to America's new party line
"Breaker! This is First Mama..."

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The union management showdown at the Washington Post
War in the pressroom
The Washington Post
Cinema's new wunderkinder
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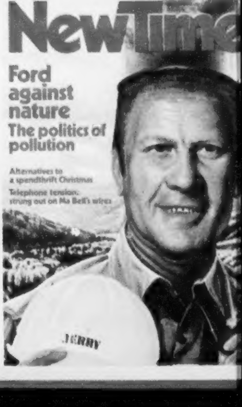
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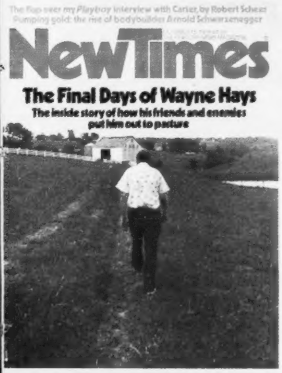
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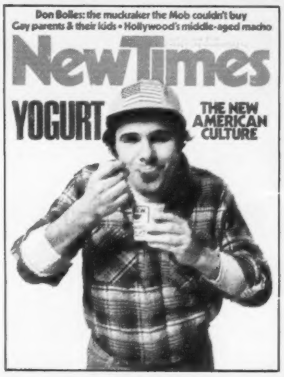
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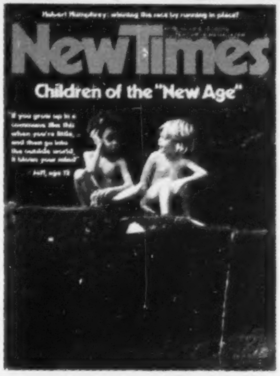
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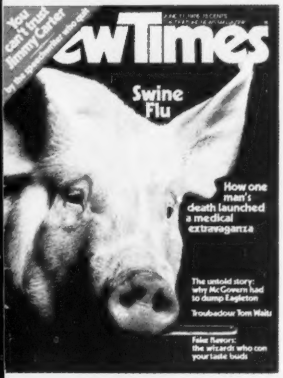
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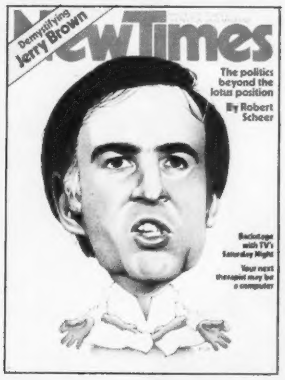
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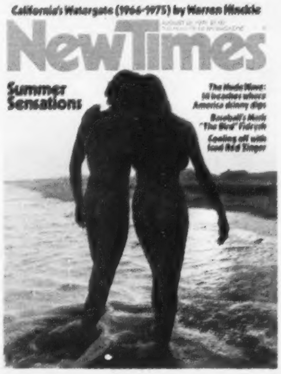
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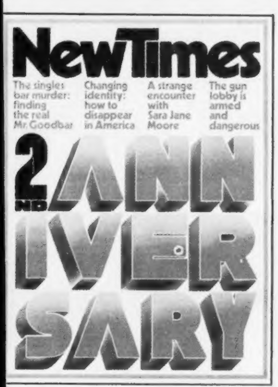
The birth and death of the SLA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A strange encounter with Sara Jane Moore
The gun lobby is armed and dangerous
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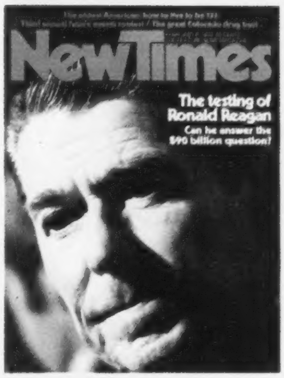
NewTimes
Psychobabble: the new jargon of candor
"WHAT AN INCREDIBLE TRIP. I'M REALLY GETTING MY HEAD TOGETHER. I'M IN TOUCH WITH MY FEELINGS, YOU KNOW? I'M SORT OF IN A WEIRD SPACE."
"VERY HEAVY."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The testing of Ronald Reagan
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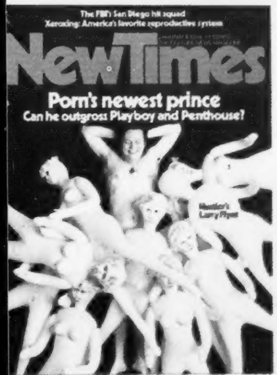
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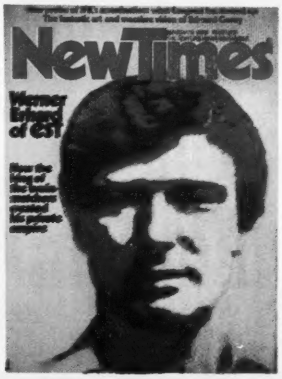
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# THE KISSINGER WIRETAPS

### By David Wise

Henry Kissinger, the man who scaled the Great Wall of China and thawed the cold war, knew where his real enemies were—in his own office and in the press rooms—and he was determined to flush them out by any means possible

*Between May 1969 and February 1971, the FBI wiretapped seventeen journalists and White House staffers and other officials, purportedly to find and stop leaks threatening "national security." Fourteen of the names were submitted to FBI Director Hoover by Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, through his staff assistant, Alexander Haig. Seven of these were Kissinger aides.*

*When the existence of the wiretaps surfaced in 1973, Mitchell, the instigator of two of the taps, denied everything; President Nixon later approved his lie. And Henry Kissinger—who was to be the only high official in Nixon's administration to emerge essentially unscathed by the Watergate scandals—steadfastly minimized his part in the skulduggery. "I find wiretapping distasteful," he said. "My role in this program," he insisted, "was substantially passive."*

*The events, however, as chronicled here, show that the secretary's role was anything but passive.*

The sand was soft underfoot, and palm trees fringed the beach. But as the two men in bathing suits walked along, following the curve of the ocean, the beauty of the tropical surroundings mocked the unpleasant subject of their conversation.

The older man, Dr. Henry A. Kissinger, had not yet become, on this Friday afternoon of May 9, 1969, a global celebrity, within the government second in power only to Richard Nixon. But at forty-five, he was assistant to the President for national security affairs, and as such, the central figure in the new administration's efforts to negotiate an end to the war in Vietnam. He had accompanied Nixon to Key Biscayne this weekend to work on the major speech on Vietnam policy that the President would deliver a few days hence.

As he walked along the beach, however, Kissinger had only bad news for his thirty-year-old deputy, Morton H. Halperin, one of the several bright young men whom Kissinger had hired for the staff of the National Security Council.

"We were in the swimming pool together," Halperin recounted, "and suddenly he said, 'Let's take a walk.'" The two men had left the hotel, the cabanas and the other staff members, and walked down the beach. They knew each other well, for they had been colleagues on the faculty at Harvard, where they had even taught a government course together.

That morning, as both men knew, the *New York Times* had published a page-one story by William Beecher, the newspaper's Pentagon correspondent, disclosing that American B-52 aircraft had recently bombed North Vietnamese base camps in Cambodia for the first time. The story caused surprisingly little reaction in the country, but inside the White House it struck like a thunderbolt. For the bombing of Cambodia which had begun in March was a dark secret, highly classified, and known only to a handful of government officials, including the two men walking along the beach at Key Biscayne.

Now the secret was out, and all sorts of alarums were sounding inside the White House. According to Hal-

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perin, Kissinger said that since suspicion had fallen on a member of the NSC staff, he, Kissinger, was on the spot, under pressure from Attorney General John Mitchell, Secretary of Defense Melvin R. Laird, and the twin guardians of the palace gates, H. R. Haldeman and John D. Ehrlichman. Kissinger, Halperin continued, said that Laird and Secretary of State William P. Rogers "had both called the President to say that I was the source of that story. And that they both said that I had done it, that they had great suspicion that I had done it."

To these men, Halperin was a natural locus of mistrust, for he had all the wrong credentials: he was to the left of center politically; he was born in Brooklyn and thus came from New York, an ethnically polyglot and therefore suspect city; he had worked for a Democratic President, serving in the Johnson Administration under Robert McNamara and Clark Clifford as a Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense for Policy Planning and Arms Control; he was a Vietnam expert who opposed military escalation in Vietnam, and finally, because of his political views, he was a favorite security target of FBI chief J. Edgar Hoover. Indeed, Kissinger later claimed he had hired Halperin over Hoover's strenuous objections.

Still, on the beach at Key Biscayne, Halperin believed he had successfully persuaded Kissinger that he was not the source of the *Times* story. It was then that Kissinger made a proposal, and presented it so smoothly, so plausibly, that Halperin did not fully know what was happening to him. "He proposed that he cut off my access to very sensitive material so that if something like this happened again, he could say, look, it wasn't Halperin, he didn't even know about it. . . . It was very easy to do," Halperin recalled, "and I agreed to it."

Halperin did not know it, but he would never again during the Nixon Administration have access to highly classified material, and he would soon be out of the government. Under the palm trees, Morton Halperin had just had his head chopped off. But Kissinger had done it so skillfully that Halperin never felt the blade pass through his neck. There was no blood on the sand.

At 6:20 P.M. the telephone rang in a split-level brick home in Bethesda, Maryland, a bedroom suburb of Washington. Mort Halperin, having returned from his stroll with Kissinger, had a good deal of news to share with his wife, Ina, and he called her long distance as soon as he was alone.

At the precise moment that Ina Halperin lifted the receiver, a red light blinked on ten miles away on a telephone switchboard in the Old Post Office Building in downtown Washington. An FBI agent seated at the switchboard quickly plugged in a cord, which automatically powered a tape recorder, and clamped on a set of earphones. He began listening in to the long-distance conversation, taking careful notes.

Through a series of secret connections that had been made earlier that afternoon by the Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Company, the conversation between man and wife was being circuitously piped from the house on Stone Trail Drive, through the local telephone-company substation in Bethesda, south to the C&P's central office in downtown Washington, and from there, by special cable, to the Washington field office of the FBI in the Old Post Office Building. It was, for all practical purposes, as though the Halperins, without their knowledge of course, had an extra bedroom extension ten miles away in the offices of the FBI.

*David Wise is a Washington-based political writer. This article is drawn from his book* The American Police State, *which will be published by Random House in November.*

**Davidson says he first met Kissinger during the LBJ years: "We became close friends, I thought. He'd been to my house for dinner, I fixed him up with a date, et cetera"**

When the red light flickered, it was an exciting moment for Ernest Belter. In his twenty years of supervising national security wiretaps for the FBI there had never been anything quite like this before. He had been told by his superiors that the tap on Halperin had been ordered by the White House and that extraordinary measures were to be taken to keep it secret even within the FBI. "We all figured there was a big spy ring somewhere," Belter said later, "or a big leak somewhere, and I immediately got busy to hook up Dr. Halperin's line." William Sullivan himself, the assistant director of the FBI for intelligence, had sent word to Belter to "let me know the instant you have them."

It was early evening "before we actually got proof that we were on Dr. Halperin's telephone," when one of the monitors signaled Belter. "I remember one of them telling me that he had received a call and he was pretty sure it was Dr. Halperin. I believe the first call was to Dr. Halperin's wife."

According to the late FBI Director's log, which it was his custom to keep precisely, when the Beecher story broke Kissinger was on the phone to Hoover at 10:30 that morning. Since Kissinger himself has disclosed relatively little about his several conversations with Hoover that day, we are forced to rely on the memoranda that Hoover wrote—notoriously self-serving as they may be.

The memorandum of the 10:35 A.M. call said that Kissinger had telephoned from Key Biscayne to advise that the Beecher story was "extraordinarily damaging and uses secret information." Kissinger asked for a "major effort" to find the source, and Hoover said he promised to try. Kissinger asked the director to use "whatever resources I need to find who did this."

At 11:05 A.M. Kissinger called again, referred to two earlier articles by Beecher, and asked that these be included by Hoover in the FBI's investigation of the leak. Two hours later, Kissinger was on the long-distance phone a third time to the FBI Director to ask that the inquiry be handled discreetly "so no stories will get out." By this time Kissinger's calls must have become rather trying. But Hoover soothingly assured Kissinger he would be back to him the next morning.

Even before that, however, at 5:05 the same afternoon, Hoover telephoned Kissinger in Key Biscayne with some background information about William Beecher, who, Hoover said, "frequents" the Department of Defense press office, which was not entirely startling information, since Beecher was the *Times* Pentagon correspondent. According to Hoover's memo of the call, the press office employees "freely furnish him information inasmuch as they are largely Kennedy people and anti-Nixon."

Hoover added that there was "speculation all the way through tying it into this man Halperin."* He solemnly assured Kissinger that there was adverse information about Halperin in the FBI files; when Halperin had applied for gov-

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*In the House Judiciary Committee impeachment documents, Halperin's name has been deleted from Hoover's memo and the letter N substituted. The names of all seventeen wiretap targets were replaced with letters at the request of the Justice Department.

PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIAM KAREL/GAMMA-LIAISON

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID BURNETT/GAMMA

Who's that tapping: "I never viewed myself as anything but an extension of Dr.Kissinger,"Haig (right) testified."I never would have submitted a name I did not get from Dr. Kissinger or from the President with Dr. Kissinger's approval."

ernment work he was investigated by the FBI, in 1962 and again in 1969, and the investigation reflected that Halperin and others "are of the opinion that the United States leadership erred in the Vietnam commitment." Hoover pressed on, mentioning a friend of Halperin's who worked for the Defense Department, "and both are so-called arrogant Harvard-type Kennedy men." Halperin knew Beecher, Hoover added, and accepted him as a fellow member "of the Harvard clique." The director of the FBI was presumably not unaware that Henry Kissinger was a Harvard graduate and on leave from Harvard as a professor of government, so it may be assumed that Hoover took a special glee in this, his fourth phone conversation of the day with Kissinger.

Hoover included a paragraph near the end of his memo that was later to come back to haunt Kissinger: "I said that is as far as we have gotten so far. Dr. Kissinger said he appreciated this very much and he hoped I would follow it up as far as we can take it and they will destroy whoever did this if we can find him, no matter where he is."

In all four of these conversations, there was in the written record no specific mention of the word "wiretaps," but Kissinger understood what he and J. Edgar Hoover were talking about; Kissinger was later to tell the Senate Foreign Relations Committee that at the time he had recently met with Nixon, Hoover, and Mitchell, and that "I was told—I do not remember by whom—that wiretapping was necessary" to track down leaks that had been upsetting the Administration. "I was not naive," Kissinger added. "There has never been any dispute that when my office submitted names I knew that an investigation was certain and a wiretap probable."

Hoover well knew what special "resources" the FBI would use to pursue the Beecher story. During the afternoon he had telephoned William Sullivan, who in turn called Courtland J. Jones, a supervisor in the Washington field office.

When he received the list, the FBI's Ernest Belter knew exactly what to do; the machinery for tapping a citizen of the United States is amazingly simple and incredibly swift. Just a handful of men, three or four, really, could install the wiretap within hours. Belter spoke with James J. Gaffney, a special agent of the FBI whose job it was to serve as FBI liaison with the C&P Telephone Company. Belter told Gaffney that he had a request from the White House through William Sullivan, "and need I say more about the urgency." Gaffney went directly to the office of Horace R. Hampton, the phone-company executive officially assigned to make the surreptitious arrangements.* He was not shown, and did not ask for, any written authorization from the FBI, or for a court order, which did not exist, or even for evidence that the tap had been approved in writing by the Attorney General of the United States, which, at the time, it had not. It was all done by word of mouth, with the easy familiarity of two old friends who knew the routine.

"Mr. Hampton had worked with us for many years," Belter later explained. "He is a highly patriotic person, and felt that his work with the FBI was a contribution on the part of himself and the phone company."

At the special FBI switchboard, the cable, the tape recorders, the red lights, and the earphones were always ready; it was a permanent installation and only the people had to be selected for wiretapping. Contrary to popular belief, except for this one moment of test-dialling, an FBI wiretap of this type produces no clicks or other noises on the telephone.

In the FBI's eavesdropping center, Belter explained, each listening agent or monitoring clerk sat at "an ordinary library table. At his command, he had a minimum of two tape recorders." Before him was a switchboard. "When he saw the light come on . . . he could plug in his tape recorder, start it up, and record the entire conversation." Or he might just listen in. The monitors were busy men, Belter noted, for there were many wiretaps going at once, and if one conversation was not fascinating, "he would let that one go and turn to something else. . . . He had the facility, too, of flipping back and forth between conversations."

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*At the time, the Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Company did not charge the FBI for the special cable running to the Old Post Office Building. After Hampton's retirement in 1971, the phone company started billing the FBI for the wiretap cable. Business is business.

Until Halperin brought suit over the wiretap against, among others, Kissinger, Nixon and the C&P Telephone Company, and forced the details into the daylight, no outsider knew whether the FBI recorded phone calls, listened in, or, as it turned out, both. Halperin later found that particularly offensive. "The fact it was done live I find somehow upsets me more than the notion of a tape recorder," he said. "There was actually a guy sitting there listening with earphones taking notes and turning on the tape recorder when he thought it was an important conversation."

Prime suspect: Halperin, a liberal who served under LBJ and opposed escalation of the Vietnam War, was the natural locus of mistrust for the Nixon White House.

UPI

Like Dickensian bookeepers, the listening FBI men would carefully log each call, writing the identity of the caller on the left-hand side of a ledger, the name of the person called on the right side of the page. And, as Belter explained it, "under the name of the caller, he'd jot down . . . some of the high points of the things of what he said." From this ledger, the FBI monitor would then type up his summaries; if the conversation seemed important enough, the summary might consist of the entire conversation, or at least some portions, verbatim. These summaries, or "logs," as they were also known, would then—under normal practice—be read by FBI officials and then sent to the FBI's confidential files.

It was essential, of course, that the listeners be able to identify the people talking on the tapped lines, and to help in this, the monitor would have spread out before him the *Congressional Directory*, lists of names, newspaper clippings, and other reference material. They kept little file boxes of 3 x 5 index cards on which they would jot down first names or last names, or other fragments that might help to identify callers. Once a person overheard by the FBI was identified, his name was entered in the FBI's main wiretap index.

That was under normal circumstances. But on May 9, 1969, Ernie Belter was told to forget the rules. His superior, Courtland Jones, informed him that "this coverage was to be on a strictly need-to-know basis; that I was to assign only old and trusted employees to it; . . . that we were to generate no paper on the installation; that we were to keep no copies of the log summaries; . . . that the big summaries should be hand-carried to Mr. Sullivan's office first thing in the morning of each regular work day." It was the first time that Ernie Belter had been told not to keep the usual written records.

The next morning, Saturday, May 10, Colonel Alexander Haig, on Kissinger's request, called on Sullivan at the FBI. A handsome, intense man of rigid military bearing, Haig was just what Henry Kissinger needed as a pacifier for the Joint Chiefs of Staff and a political counterbalance to the young liberals with whom Kissinger had surrounded himself at the White House. Bob Haldeman might instinctively distrust Mort Halperin and the other intellectuals on Kissinger's staff, but no one could doubt Al Haig's loyalty. Haig's uniform, his West Point ring, his military *machismo*, provided useful insulation for Kissinger against Nixon's staff Junkers, the brush-cut centurions of Southern California. And Haig was more than a buffer; he had the added virtue of being a skillful, obedient bureaucrat who kept the papers flowing smoothly.

After Haig visited the FBI on May 10, Sullivan wrote a memorandum for the record reporting that Haig had asked "on the highest authority" that "technical surveillance" be placed on four government officials. "He stressed that it is so sensitive it demands handling on a need-to-know basis, with no record maintained." Sullivan even ordered that his own memorandum of Haig's visit not be placed in the regular FBI files. At the top of Sullivan's memo, the code word JUNE was typed in capital letters.

On Kissinger's orders, when Haig visited the FBI, he handed Sullivan four names. They included Morton Halperin and two other members of Kissinger's staff, Helmut Sonnenfeldt and Daniel I. Davidson. Sonnenfeldt was born in Berlin, and like Kissinger, had fled Nazi Germany in 1938; they had met briefly in Germany in 1946 while both were serving in the United States Army. Although a registered Democrat, Sonnenfeldt was decidedly conservative in foreign affairs, particularly in policies relating to the Soviet Union; despite these hard-line political credentials, the FBI and Otto F. Otepka, the State Department's security hound, suspected him of leaking classified information to the press. He was placed under surveillance, interrogated, and eventually cleared; but no one in Washington is ever really cleared because the charges, and the memos, and the investigative reports remain in the files. Morever, Marge Sonnenfeldt was active in local Democratic politics in Maryland, and this did not please the Nixon loyalists in the White House.

Daniel Davidson, the other Kissinger aide on Haig's list, was a young lawyer who worked in the State Department for Averell Harriman, and was named a delegate to the Paris peace talks on Vietnam that began in May of 1968. Davidson had met Kissinger during the Johnson years, "and we became close

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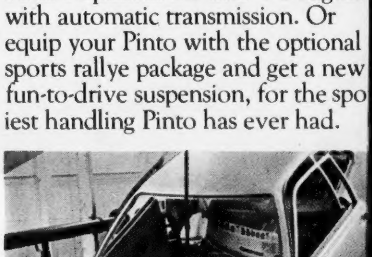

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friends, I thought. He'd been to my house for dinner; I fixed him up with a date, et cetera." After Nixon's election Davidson, then job-hunting, telephoned Kissinger and was hired.

But Davidson was a Democrat, and the FBI files, Hoover later reported to John Mitchell, contained an allegation that while in Paris, Davidson had leaked information about the peace negotiations to a newsman.* So Davidson was another in the nest of suspect Democrats working for Kissinger.

In many ways the fourth name on Haig's list was the most intriguing: Col. Robert E. Pursley, the military assistant to Melvin Laird, Nixon's Secretary of Defense. By dispatching Haig to the FBI and thereby triggering a tap on Pursley, Kissinger, was in effect, tapping Laird. Here the plot of the wiretaps becomes truly Byzantine.

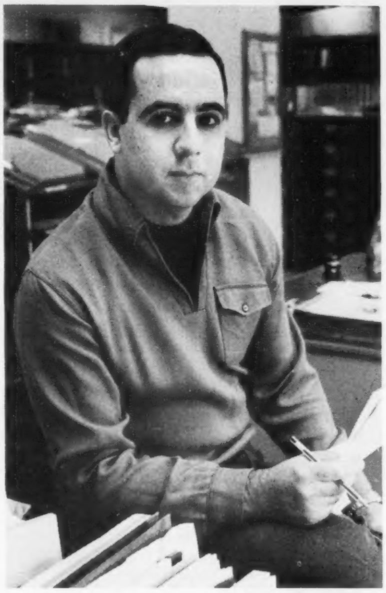
Laird was confident his own phone was not bugged because he regularly called in the National Security Agency to check his telephones and was always assured they were clean. But he was outraged when, much later, he learned of the tap on Pursley, since Laird would customarily talk by phone with his assistant several times in the evening.

In the deliberations of the National Security Council, Laird said in an interview, he had recommended the bombing of Cambodia but had urged that the decision be made public. "I recommended hitting the sanctuaries; I took the position in the NSC that this could get public support, and that it would be impossible to keep it secret." As a result, he said, when Beecher's story appeared on May 9, the President and Kissinger suspected him as the source. "They thought we had leaked that. That is why they put the tap on Pursley's phone in my office, and also the phone in his home. They thought I leaked the story to Beecher, that I tried to prove myself right, that the bombing could not be kept secret. Those [wiretap] instructions came directly out of—from the White House. They were madder than hell about the story. Henry was mad, and so was the President.

"I denied it," Laird said. "I said I had nothing to do with the story. I told the President, too."

At 5:48 P.M. on Monday, May 12, Mitchell gave his approval to the four wiretaps.

But the tap on Morton Halperin's home on Stone Trail Drive was already in place. In all of the subsequent investigations no one, neither Kissinger, Haig, or Mitchell, nor any of the FBI officials, was able to explain how it happened that Morton Halperin's telephone had been tapped three days before the Attorney General of the United States signed the authorization.



PHOTOGRAPH BY THE NEW YORK TIMES

Bugged: Beecher was tapped a year after the *Times* ran his Cambodia story.

The power to eavesdrop on the private lives of one's closest associates, to read their confidential comments in classified transcripts, is heady wine, sweet, secret knowledge to those playing the game of politics in Washington. Did they smile inwardly when they greeted their unsuspecting colleagues each morning?

**By triggering a tap on Col. Pursley, military assistant to Melvin Laird, Kissinger was, in effect, tapping the Secretary of Defense**

Certainly they knew what Halperin was saying about them, for Hoover pointedly included Halperin's remarks about his superiors in the FBI wiretap reports. One report of a conversation Halperin had with a colleague noted that Halperin had referred to Haig as "that God-damn gossip." The FBI summary said the two men agreed that Haig was "the big gossip—he knows everything about everybody." Another FBI summary, in the form of a letter from Hoover to Kissinger, reported that Halperin "said that the Attorney General was an ignoramus."

The FBI reported verbatim a conversation in which a visitor to Halperin's house, using the phone, told a friend that Halperin "really is an ace." Yes, the friend agreed, Halperin was "the best guy they've got. . . . He's about three times as good as HENRY."

After one week the list increased. On May 20 Haig asked the FBI to tap the telephones of two more of his colleagues on the NSC staff, Richard M. Moose and Richard L. Sneider. Moose had the distinct disadvantage around the Nixon White House of having worked for, and being a known admirer of, his fellow Arkansan Senator J. William Fulbright, then chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee (which would lightly question Kissinger about the wiretapping of, among others, Richard Moose).

Soon after he joined the White House staff, Moose had bumped into Fulbright in the corridor outside the Oval Office, and while they were chatting for a few moments, Haig happened by and stared at them. It was said around the White House that in a conversation with Moose soon afterward, Al Haig referred to Fulbright as a "traitor" and a "menace," infuriating Moose and causing raised voices. Moose was politically unreliable; the wiretap machine, geared and ready, hummed into action once more. Hoover obtained Mitchell's signature, and Courtland Jones and the C&P Telephone Company did the rest, hooking up Moose's home in Alexandria, Virginia. The grid of tapped wires now stretched over two state lines, Maryland and Virginia, into the District of Columbia.

Robert Sneider, tapped the same day as Richard Moose, was a shrewd bureaucrat who had joined Kissinger's NSC staff as a senior assistant for the Far East. (In 1974 Sneider was to become President Gerald Ford's ambassador to Korea.)

There is every reason to believe that Haig and Kissinger personally brought over the names of Moose and Sneider to the FBI, for on May 20, the day that these two taps were requested and approved, William Sullivan wrote a memo to Hoover which said: "Dr. Kissinger and Colonel Haig came to my office this morning around 11:45. Dr. Kissinger read all the logs. On doing this he said, 'It is clear that I do not have anybody in my office that I can trust except Colonel Haig here.'"

Sullivan later said he could not recall Kissinger's ever coming to his office to read the logs, but neither did he disavow his memo. Presumably the assistant director of the FBI was not in the habit of inventing details of this sort in his official memoranda.

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*Davidson in an interview denied that he had leaked any information in Paris.

Severe cases of amnesia developed over this incident, however, when the existence of the Kissinger wiretaps was finally disclosed four years later. "I have no recollection of having been in Sullivan's office to read logs," Kissinger told the Foreign Relations Committee. He thought it was "extraordinarily unlikely" but would "certainly not deny" that he might have made the "semisarcastic" remark about trusting only Haig. Haig, in his own Senate testimony, could not recall such a visit either, but he added—quite unnecessarily, Kissinger must have thought—that "it would not surprise me if there had been one." But Haig "vividly" recalled that he and Kissinger had twice gone to the FBI together to see Hoover. On May 29, Haig was back to the FBI with a request to wiretap a newspaper reporter. The stakes were escalating now, the game becoming even more risky for the government. It must have occurred to the administration that the tapping of the press might abridge the First Amendment to the Constitution, and that even if it did not, politically the bugging of reporters was a potentially explosive step.

The name Haig submitted to the FBI appears in the House Judiciary Committee impeachment evidence simply as "P." P was Henry Brandon, probably the best-known foreign correspondent in the capital. Since 1950 he had been representing the *Sunday Times* of London in Washington. Urbane, well-tailored, distinguished-looking, Brandon retained a slight trace of a continental accent, for he was born a Czech, in Prague. He came to London in 1938 (the same year that Henry Kissinger arrived in Washington Heights) and joined the staff of the *Sunday Times* a year later.

Kissinger's explanation of the Brandon tap in his testimony to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee was heavily censored. But it is delicately noted in the impeachment documents that Kissinger testified that the name of one newsman "was presented by FBI Director Hoover to the President as a man who had connections with an allied foreign intelligence service and the decision to place a tap resulted from that presentation." (As far back as the Kennedy administration it was whispered that Brandon worked for MI-6, the British equivalent of the CIA.)

"I assume Kissinger was referring to me," Brandon said in an interview in which he simultaneously denied the allegation. "I have never had anything to do with the British secret service in any form or shape," he said.

The tap remained on Brandon's telephone for a very long time—one year and eight months, to be precise. As a foreign correspondent, Brandon said, he would perhaps expect an occasional spot check on his telephone by American security. "I don't mind a short tap," he said, "but a long one. . . ." He could only conclude, Brandon said, that "the Nixon Administration wanted to know who my sources were."

They did indeed. The interest in Brandon rose to a crescendo in August 1969, when the FBI learned that he had eaten lunch with Morton Halperin. Brandon and Halperin together! J. Edgar Hoover must have fairly quivered with excitement, for the FBI covered the meeting as though John Dillinger had been spotted dining with Bonnie and Clyde. The report of this lunch, sanitized by the use of code letters for names, is worth reproducing in its entirety:

**One summary noted that Halperin had referred to Haig as "that God-damn gossip." Another reported he "said the Attorney General was an ignoramus"**

> P, Washington correspondent for the——and N lunched at the Occidental Restaurant on August 6, 1969. P arrived at about 1 P.M. and N joined him at a table in the West Room at 1:10 P.M. They engaged in a continuing conversation while they lunched and departed the restaurant at 2:45 P.M. They walked to the vicinity of the Executive Office Building, during which time they continued in conversation. They parted in the vicinity of the Executive Office Building about 3 P.M.
>
> Enclosed are photographs of N and P taken as they departed the West Room of the Occidental Restaurant, leaving the entrance to the restaurant and walking thereafter toward the White House.

As the wiretap program continued, it generated hundreds of pages of transcripts of conversation, and there was a steady flow from the FBI to the White House of the summaries of Brandon's phone conversations, and of the others who were tapped. The original arrangement, for Haig to come over and read the taps, was too much trouble. Soon summaries were being delivered to the President and Kissinger; some went directly and personally to Kissinger, but more often, they were handed to Haig. "I would open them," Haig later testified, "and then pass them to Henry, if they were significant."*

It was, needless to say, a busy time in 1969 down at the Old Post Office Building. There were no manuals or written instructions to the wiretappers. As Belter explained, even within the FBI "the whole activity of electronic surveillance has sort of been kept in a closet." So technique developed informally.

If a "known spy" was being tapped, Belter said, the FBI's interest became total. "Sometimes I tell the boys if he calls for weather, put it in. We want to know everything." In such cases, Belter said, "we want to know if he gets along with his wife, or if he doesn't. We particularly want to know if he has some extramarital affair going." Belter made it clear that wives and children and friends were recorded and logged, too.

There was, in addition, Belter explained candidly, a problem peculiar to the profession of wiretapping: after a while, some of the FBI clerks would lose interest. "Sometimes," he said, "questions arise as to whether your monitors are sitting there reading the paper. I get on the monitors and I say, look, turn out some kind of log. I don't like to see a whole day go by and at the end of the day a blank page."

Under questioning by Walter Slocombe, a brilliant young attorney who represented Halperin in his lawsuit against the government, Belter conceded that there were really no conversations that the FBI might not listen to or record.**

What about the personal politics of the people being tapped, Slocombe asked; were the monitors told to look for material on active Democratic presiden-

*Continued on page 70*

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*In fact, the reports were put in red folders (indicating special sensitivity) and placed in Kissinger's in box. Kissinger kept some of the wiretap logs in a safe in The White House in the Situation Room, where the President and his highest aides attempt to cope with the most dangerous and volatile military crises. A duty officer was constantly stationed next to this special safe, for it contained the nation's most highly classified nuclear codes. It is one of the ironies of the Kissinger wiretaps that one of the very people tapped—Anthony Lake—once pointed out the little safe and wondered aloud to a fellow staff member, in a semi-joking way, whether it contained wiretap logs of their conversations.

**The FBI, for example, found it significant that during a conversation with a cemetery-lot salesman, "Halperin's wife volunteered the information that he was working at the White House on the President's speech."

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# LITTLE HAVANA'S REIGN OF TERROR

With more than 100 bombings in the last 18 months and an average of an assassination a week since last April, Miami's 450,000 Cuban-émigré community is in the throes of civil war

### By Dick Russell

The crowds begin to gather at twilight in Miami's Little Havana. They gather by the fruit and vegetable stands, and in the sidewalk cafés over tiny cups of steaming Cuban coffee. They have always gathered like this at the close of day, mingling amiably, talking in shouted greetings. But these evenings, the shouts are absent among the Cuban exiles. There is a new tension in the faces, aloof and wary, as furtive as the steel bulges in the jacket pockets of the men—and as silent as the little displays of crucifixes proliferating in the storefronts along Southwest Eighth Street.

"Everybody's running around with a new .45 and a new mini-millimeter with a big clip," as Miami Homicide Lieutenant Gary Minium describes it. "I mean, we're not used to it. This isn't what we've had or experienced previously. It's completely new to us and hard to understand."

On an average of almost one a week since April, Cubans are being murdered in Miami's Little Havana. They are dying on Fridays, and holidays, as if by some diabolical, cultish force. In addition, more than 100 bombs have exploded over the past 18 months: bombs in the doorways of Cuban shops and newspapers, sometimes under the hoods of Cuban cars. The most recent victim may well have been Orlando Letelier, the former Chilean Foreign Minister, who was killed by a bomb in Washington, D.C., last month. Intelligence officials are investigating several links between the bombing and extremist Cuban exile groups. Yet nobody, least of all the exiles themselves, is willing to say why the violence has erupted.

On Good Friday 1974, Jose Elias de la Torriente became the first to receive his "zero." He was watching television with his wife when the fatal bullet came through his living room window. At 69, Torriente had been among a handful of veteran leaders in Miami's Cuban exile community. A few years before, his intent to mount a major armed offensive against Fidel Castro had briefly brought him international attention. But by the time some of his supporters began wondering if Torriente's "Work Plan for Liberation" would ever get off the ground, they had their answer.

Found outside the slain leader's door was a piece of dark paper, bearing his initials and the oval symbol of a zero. The next day, a lengthy typewritten letter in Spanish arrived at various Miami media. It was addressed to "public opinion," and signed by something called "Zero group." Labeling Torriente "a traitor to the Fatherland," the statement vowed to eliminate any and all Cuban exile leaders who "block this process of liberating their homeland by working only to advance their own bastard ambitions." Torriente was but the first of many such "empty, nothing" Cubans marked for execution.

"Each in his own time and in a cool and dispassionate way will start getting his zero," the letter concluded. "An infinite zero that will adorn their soon-to-be-forgotten tomb. . . . Cemeteries are very big and we have more than enough time to fill them."

Within a few days, a second letter went out, containing the names of ten more well-known exiles marked by "zero." In Little Havana, where the majority of Miami's 450,000 Cubans make their homes along 600 square blocks of *bodegas* and bungalows, the immediate speculation was that Castro had to be behind it. His agents, the rumor went, were simply trying to foment distrust among the exile factions. In truth, it had been years since the exiles—and their CIA sponsors—had posed much of a threat to Castro. The prospect of closer U.S.-Cuban relations had rarely seemed better since Castro's takeover.

But the death list was no fraud. By this past summer, four of its ten names had been killed. A fifth lay without his legs in a Miami hospital.

On the surface, there has been a return to normality in Miami. In Key Biscayne, the Richard Nixons have sold both their homes and Bebe Rebozo has been elected president of the Chamber of Commerce. Bernard Barker, who addressed a local Kiwanis Club on the fourth anniversary of the Watergate break-in, is a city sanitation inspector; Frank Sturgis, a general sales manager for Miami Book Manufacturing Company. What was once the largest CIA station in the world is now apparently a single office in Coral Gables, with a telephone listing conspicuously available from Information. Even Nelly Hamilton's boarding house, where the soldiers of fortune came to await their next anti-Castro expedition, has gone the way of urban renewal.

So when it comes to the marked increase in exile terrorism, the FBI, for

ILLUSTRATION BY BILL NELSON

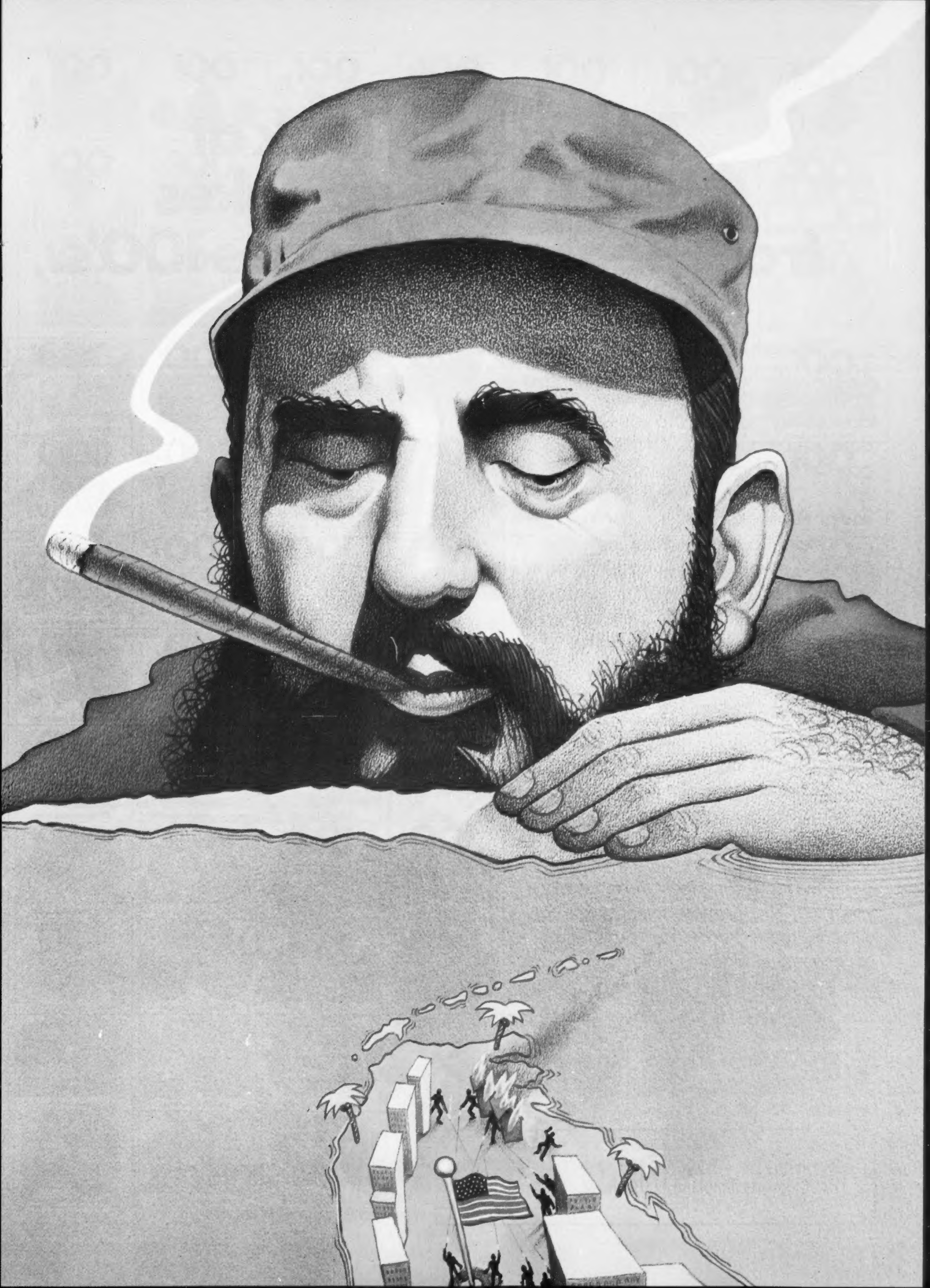

ILLUSTRATION BY BILL NELSON

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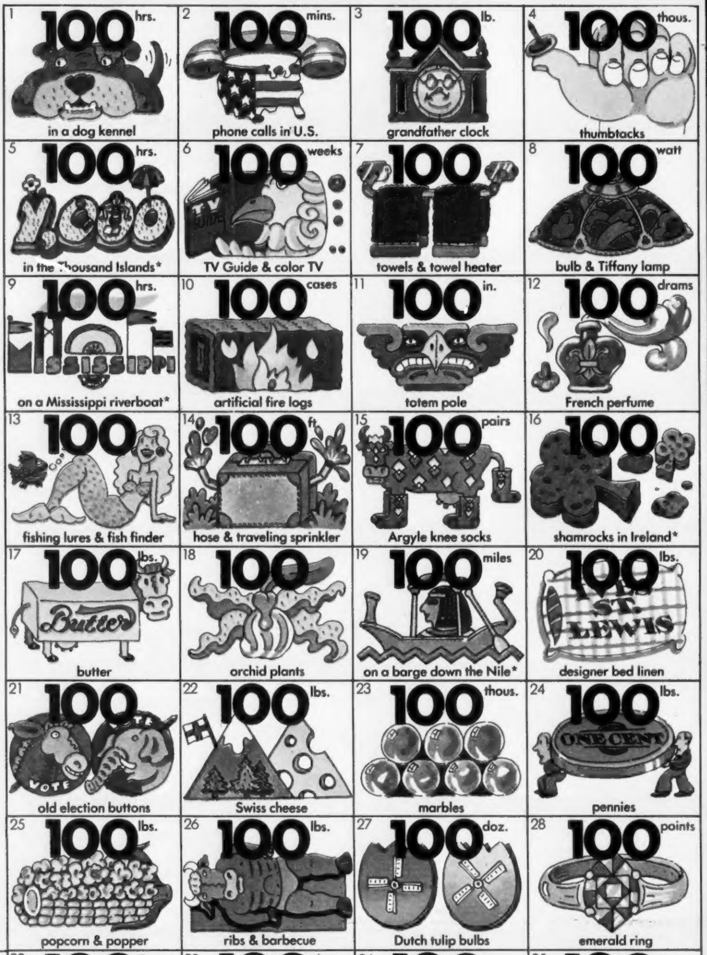
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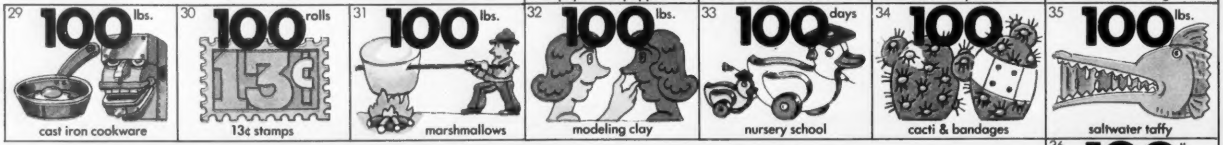
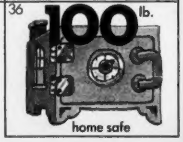
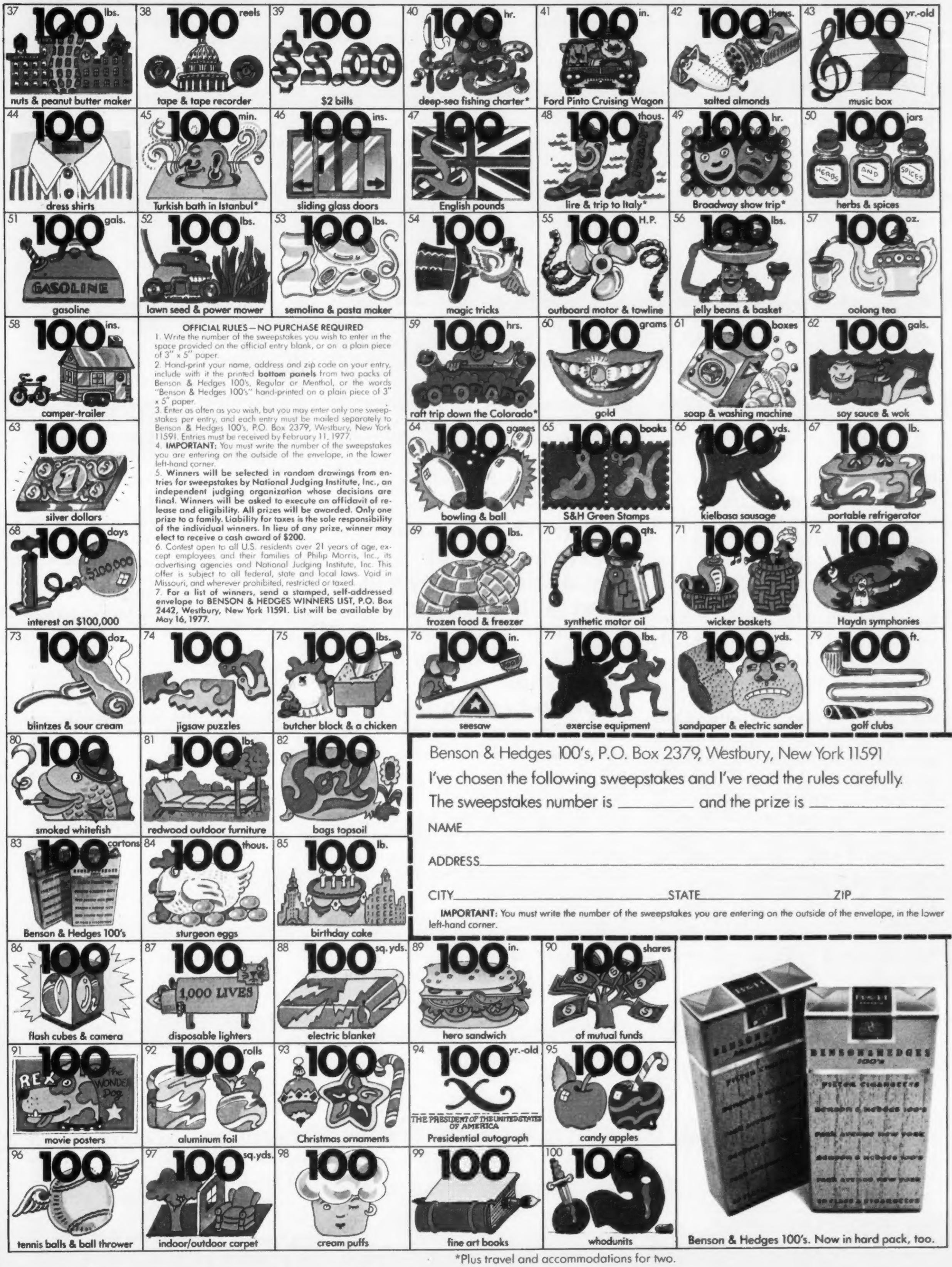
TV GUIDE
7 100 towels & towel heater
8 100 watt bulb & Tiffany lamp
9 100 hrs. on a Mississippi riverboat*
MISSISSIPPI
10 100 cases artificial fire logs
11 100 in. totem pole
12 100 drams French perfume
13 100 fishing lures & fish finder
14 100 ft. hose & traveling sprinkler
15 100 pairs Argyle knee socks
16 100 shamrocks in Ireland*
17 100 lbs. butter
Butter
18 100 orchid plants
19 100 miles on a barge down the Nile*
20 100 lbs. designer bed linen
21 100 old election buttons
VOTE
22 100 lbs. Swiss cheese
23 100 thous. marbles
24 100 lbs. pennies
ONE CENT
25 100 lbs. popcorn & popper
26 100 lbs. ribs & barbecue
27 100 doz. Dutch tulip bulbs
28 100 points emerald ring


29 100 lbs. cast iron cookware
30 100 rolls 13¢ stamps
13¢
31 100 lbs. marshmallows
32 100 lbs. modeling clay
33 100 days nursery school
34 100 cacti & bandages
35 100 lbs. saltwater taffy


36 100 lb. home safe

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette—hard pack, by FTC Method;
18 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette—soft pack, FTC Report Apr. '76.



37 100 lbs. nuts & peanut butter maker
38 100 reels tape & tape recorder
39 100 $2.00 $2 bills
40 100 hr. deep-sea fishing charter*
41 100 in. Ford Pinto Cruising Wagon
42 100 thous. salted almonds
43 100 yr.-old music box
44 100 dress shirts
45 100 min. Turkish bath in Istanbul*
46 100 ins. sliding glass doors
47 100 English pounds
48 100 thous. lire & trip to Italy*
49 100 hr. Broadway show trip*
50 100 jars HERBS AND SPICES herbs & spices
51 100 gals. GASOLINE gasoline
52 100 lbs. lawn seed & power mower
53 100 lbs. semolina & pasta maker
54 100 magic tricks
55 100 H.P. outboard motor & towline
56 100 lbs. jelly beans & basket
57 100 oz. oolong tea
58 100 ins. camper-trailer
59 100 hrs. COLORADO raft trip down the Colorado*
60 100 grams gold
61 100 boxes soap & washing machine
62 100 gals. soy sauce & wok
63 100 silver dollars
64 100 games bowling & ball
65 100 books S&H Green Stamps
66 100 yds. kielbasa sausage
67 100 lb. portable refrigerator
68 100 days $100,000 interest on $100,000
69 100 lbs. frozen food & freezer
70 100 qts. synthetic motor oil
71 100 wicker baskets
72 100 Haydn symphonies
73 100 doz. blintzes & sour cream
74 100 jigsaw puzzles
75 100 lbs. butcher block & a chicken
76 100 in. seesaw
77 100 lbs. exercise equipment
78 100 yds. sandpaper & electric sander
79 100 ft. golf clubs
80 100 smoked whitefish
81 100 lbs. redwood outdoor furniture
82 100 Soil bags topsoil
83 100 cartons Benson & Hedges 100's
84 100 thous. sturgeon eggs
85 100 lb. birthday cake
86 100 flash cubes & camera
87 100 1,000 LIVES disposable lighters
88 100 sq. yds. electric blanket
89 100 in. hero sandwich
90 100 shares of mutual funds
91 100 REX The WONDER Dog movie posters
92 100 rolls aluminum foil
93 100 Christmas ornaments
94 100 yr.-old THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA Presidential autograph
95 100 candy apples
96 100 tennis balls & ball thrower
97 100 sq.yds. indoor/outdoor carpet
98 100 cream puffs
99 100 fine art books
100 100 whodunits
BENSON & HEDGES 100's

**OFFICIAL RULES—NO PURCHASE REQUIRED**

1. Write the number of the sweepstakes you wish to enter in the space provided on the official entry blank, or on a plain piece of 3" x 5" paper.
2. Hand-print your name, address and zip code on your entry, include with it the printed **bottom panels** from two packs of Benson & Hedges 100's, Regular or Menthol, or the words "Benson & Hedges 100's" hand-printed on a plain piece of 3" x 5" paper.
3. Enter as often as you wish, but you may enter only one sweepstakes per entry, and each entry must be mailed separately to Benson & Hedges 100's, P.O. Box 2379, Westbury, New York 11591. Entries must be received by February 11, 1977.
4. **IMPORTANT:** You must write the number of the sweepstakes you are entering on the outside of the envelope, in the lower left-hand corner.
5. **Winners will be selected in random drawings from entries for sweepstakes by National Judging Institute, Inc., an independent judging organization whose decisions are final. Winners will be asked to execute an affidavit of release and eligibility. All prizes will be awarded. Only one prize to a family. Liability for taxes is the sole responsibility of the individual winners. In lieu of any prize, winner may elect to receive a cash award of $200.**
6. Contest open to all U.S. residents over 21 years of age, except employees and their families of Philip Morris, Inc., its advertising agencies and National Judging Institute, Inc. This offer is subject to all federal, state and local laws. Void in Missouri, and wherever prohibited, restricted or taxed.
7. **For a list of winners, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to BENSON & HEDGES WINNERS LIST, P.O. Box 2442, Westbury, New York 11591. List will be available by May 16, 1977.**

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I've chosen the following sweepstakes and I've read the rules carefully.
The sweepstakes number is ________ and the prize is ________
NAME________
ADDRESS________
CITY________ STATE________ ZIP________

**IMPORTANT:** You must write the number of the sweepstakes you are entering on the outside of the envelope, in the lower left-hand corner.

Benson & Hedges 100's. Now in hard pack, too.

*Plus travel and accommodations for two.

example, talks in generalities about personal vendettas, or feuding inside the local "Cuban Mafia." But since last December, when seven bombs exploded within 24 hours at Miami offices and government buildings, the FBI has maintained a special unit on exile violence. By May, the Justice Department was actively involved in 18 cases of bombing and assassination, and considering jurisdiction over many more. Certain exile leaders were even flown to Washington for a special conference in the Attorney General's office.

Early last summer, there came a flurry of three separate arrests. Since then, things have been relatively quiet in Little Havana. If nothing else, this should have made one thing perfectly clear: in each instance, the suspects had one thing in common. At one time or another, they were all connected with a man named Orlando Bosch.

Somewhere in the hinterlands of Latin America, this single man may hold the answer. He is a once-prominent pediatrician and 50-year-old father of five, who has seen neither patients nor family since he fled Miami two years ago in the immediate aftermath of Torriente's murder. Today, he is said to control a right-wing terrorist network that goes by many names and may extend from a clandestine hideaway in Chile all the way to the frightened streets of Little Havana.

Dr. Orlando Bosch is also a seasoned leader of the CIA's undeclared war of the 1960s against Castro's Cuba. "It was Bosch," says one exile who insisted he remain anonymous, "who got a group together at the World Congress of Exiles in Puerto Rico in October of 1973. They said, 'We have to clean the exiles of all evil; these are obstacles to obstruct the liberty of Cuba.' Out of this meeting, many things began to happen."

It is a Frankenstein image—the baby doctor gone round the bend and out to purify his struggle, eliminating those he believes have failed him and the exile cause. But privately, cryptically, Miami authorities admit it is a very real possibility. "Just say I would love to talk to him," says city homicide detective Fabio Alonso.

That is easier said than done. Since going underground in 1974, Orlando Bosch has communicated to the world through occasional messages to the Miami press. Messages from Venezuela, Costa Rica, the Dominican Republic and Chile. He has been arrested here, deported there, and still he moves around the hemisphere, a bespectacled middle-aged man with a light mustache, pictured always in suit and tie. Late in 1974, the U.S. government had its last chance to seek his extradition. It refused. As if somehow, some way, Dr. Bosch had made himself immune.

*Dick Russell is presently working on a book about the Kennedy assassinations for Dial Press.*

For the record, Miami officials prefer not to speculate about the power wielded by Bosch—and where he might be getting it.

One old friend of Dr. Bosch is Jose Antonio Mulet, a tall, gaunt man of 55 with thin greying hair. He lives on the fringes of Little Havana, a fair distance from the sidewalk cafés and the doorways where old men toil over dominoes. His is a serene middle-class neighborhood of well-clipped lawns. Not exactly the kind of place you'd expect an attempted gangland-style assassination.

Jose Mulet is not reluctant to discuss the details of the shootout that nearly claimed his life last March. He will show you how the car pulled up to his fence as he stood beside his hammock in the darkness, and how the three Latin men got out and opened fire, and how one of the shots struck his shoulder and another killed his dog and a dozen more rained pockmarks into the house next door. He will explain how he ran inside to grab his .38 revolver—the same one he now keeps constantly in his pocket—and chased their screeching tires to the end of the block. Jose Mulet will talk about all this, but he will not discuss his old friend Dr. Bosch.

**"Each in his own time and in a cool and dispassionate way will start getting his zero," the letter said. "An infinite zero that will adorn their soon-to-be-forgotten tomb"**

"Yes, they were in jail together," says Mulet's daughter, who is acting as his translator. "But since 1967, they have had no personal contact. They were good friends. Very good friends. But my father is out of politics since 1967. Nobody knows what Orlando Bosch is doing now."

She lowers her head. "Every time I got sick, I would go to Dr. Bosch," she says.

When the police arrested them in 1966, Mulet and his daughter's doctor had been on their way to a secret base outside Miami, where they planned to launch a bombing attack against Castro. Bosch, then the leader of a group called Cuban Power, was at the wheel of a Cadillac that carried in its trunk six dynamite-stuffed, 100-pound surplus aerial bombs. Mulet was trailing in a station wagon. Charged with illegal transportation and possession of explosives, both men were indicted by a federal grand jury. Then, as almost always with Bosch, the eventual verdict was acquittal.

Today, Jose Mulet is aide-de-camp for the president of Bacardi distillery, a target of recent extortion attempts by unnamed exiles. Mulet is also a close friend of Nino Diaz, the leader of a decoy brigade during the Bay of Pigs invasion. A month before the guns blazed in Mulet's backyard, Diaz had survived a similar assassination attempt. Again, their original link was Bosch. Diaz, a founder of Bosch's very first revolutionary movement, had last tried to unite the exiles against Castro in 1970. He had stopped when some exiles charged he'd used $50,000 in "liberation funds" to start his own construction business. Now Nino Diaz, too, had come within inches of getting a "zero." And Diaz absolutely didn't feel like talking about it.

For Julius Mattson, the head of Miami's 173-man FBI, reluctance to talk has proved the common denominator in Little Havana. "It's been tough to get any cooperation here," he says, four floors above where a bomb in a brown paper bag last winter blew the doors off his headquarters. "I suppose what we encounter is characteristic of a people largely born, raised and who did business back in Cuba, where politics and law enforcement were feared. The law would be the last place they'd go in case of trouble. They were brought up to handle their own affairs."

Mattson is new in town. He was not around through the long years when exile affairs received special handling from various factions of the CIA, the Mob, and finally the Nixon White House. Indeed, the law *was* the last place the exiles preferred to turn. They had other mentors.

The first were the Lucky Lucianos and Meyer Lanskys. For years, rival gangs had run rampant in Havana. From 1944 to 1952, an eight-year experiment in Cuban "democracy," there were 142 political murders under one administration and half that under the next. One of the strongest, led by an eventual Bosch rival named Rolando Masferrer, was de-

WIDE WORLD

WIDE WORLD

The FBI is currently investigating whether Cuban exiles were involved in the bomb-killing of Orlando Letelier (left) in Washington on Sept. 21. At right, rescue workers remove the wreckage after the car exploded.

scribed by *Time* magazine as "a conspiratorial political group that resembles Sicily's Mafia." So it was only natural, after Fulgencio Batista took back dictatorial powers in 1952, that the American Syndicate should flock to this eager island only 90 miles off Florida's Gold Coast. The Syndicate was skilled at bringing order to chaos.

Then, when Batista fell to Castro's revolution on New Year's Day 1959, so did the casinos. The richest and most powerful Cubans, too, all took their money and ran. They ran to Miami in yachts and private planes, where they played loan shark to less fortunate comrades and railed against the tyrant Castro. Not because he was a Communist, not at first. Simply, he had trampled on the exiles' pride and pocketbooks. He had thrown out the rackets and would soon ask the Russians for help. And so, in that realm where politics and pragmatism merge, an alliance was forged. Fidel had to go. The Syndicate and the Cuban exiles had the method—and the CIA had the means.

This was the milieu that formed Orlando Bosch. A graduate of the University of Havana medical school, he had been a Castro lieutenant and one of the first to turn against Fidel after the revolution. When Bosch's own uprising ran out of supplies in the Escambray Mountains, he and his Movement for Revolutionary Recovery made their escape and vowed to continue the fight from Florida. By 1960, according to no less than E. Howard Hunt, hundreds of Bosch's MIRR personnel were being schooled in sabotage by the CIA.

The CIA had its headquarters at an old Navy blimp center on the south campus of the University of Miami, cover-named Zenith Technical Enterprises and code-named JM Wave. It was a headquarters that soon became the "company's" largest, with an annual budget of over $50 million, branch offices in 54 dummy corporations, and a permanent staff of 300 Americans who employed and controlled approximately 6,000 Cuban exile agents. There were literally dozens of exile groups under the CIA's umbrella. After the Bay of Pigs disaster, their number only increased. They were a vast army, with the best and the brightest receiving special paramilitary training at Forts Jackson, Knox and Benning. Then, not quite overnight, they were left high and dry.

Years later, sitting in the plush dining room of Washington's Army-Navy Club, the CIA's then-chief of counterintelligence James Angleton would muse: "The concept of Miami was correct. In a Latino area, it made sense to have a base in Miami for Latin American problems, as an extension of the desk. If it had been self-contained, then it would have had the quality of being a foreign base of sorts. It was a novel idea. But it got out of hand, it became a power unto itself. And when the target diminishes, it's very difficult for a bureaucracy to adjust. What do you do with your personnel? We owed a deep obligation to the men in Miami. It was a question of, how many could remain on? We didn't have the slots. And when people found there weren't jobs to be had, we had some problems."

Among the exiles, the problems began in 1963. A tense truce had resulted from the cuban missile crisis; no longer would the Kennedy administration give anti-Castro operations carte blanche. The "irregular war," as it is still called by some exiles, soon became a sporadic, ill-financed and under-equipped one. True, among factions of the Mob and CIA, plots to kill Castro continued long after Kennedy's assassination. But by and large, the heyday of Everglades training camps and night raids in small flotillas passed into history.

Until then, Dr. Bosch himself was an almost invisible presence. Leaving the glory to exile spokesmen like Manuel Artime, he remained in the background of top-secret CIA programs like "Operation 40," which Hunt has since described as maintaining a special assassination section. But when the crackdown came to the fore, so did Bosch. For months in 1963, the CIA had been training his people for an infiltration mission at five points inside Cuba. Then, at the last minute, it had sliced the operation to a poorly-equipped, five-man crew. "We will do this if you send your mother with us," Bosch reportedly told his case officer. He wrote a long, bitter letter to Kennedy, charging betrayal. Later, after Kennedy's death, he printed it in brochure form, with pictures.

As the years passed, Bosch's militancy—some said his madness—increased. The more farfetched Castro's overthrow became, the more obsessed he was. His MIRR claimed credit for eleven bombing attacks on Cuban territory; six times Bosch was arrested and acquitted for violating U.S. neutrality laws. Legends arose around him, bizarre tales of testing torpedoes in the Miami River and near-misses against Fidel. Finally, on September 16, 1968, he was caught in the blatant act of firing a makeshift bazooka into the harbor from MacArthur Causeway, seriously denting the hull of a Polish ship. Charged with this, and with using the telegraph for threats against the governments of Mexico, England and Spain, Orlando Bosch was sentenced to ten years in the federal pen.

There at Marion, Illinois, he renewed an old acquaintance. Rolando Masferrer, nicknamed "El Tigre," was a legend in his own right, serving time for conspiracy to overthrow Haiti's "Papa Doc" Duvalier. His forte was an ability to get money out of people. When he fled Havana the day Castro marched in, Batista accused him of making off with $30 million. In Miami, life was much the same; Masferrer had organized three invasion attempts, then excused himself from accompanying them, and laughed all the way to the bank with his contributions to the "Tiger's Invasion Fund." Even CBS sank an estimated $200,000 into the opportunity to cover his Haitian venture. "You couldn't be neutral about him," one acquaintance recalls. "Masferrer was either a saint or a gangster, and even those close to him feared him more than they liked him."

Bosch did not fear him. And Masferrer, the man of a thousand enemies, didn't care much for Bosch. "They played gin in prison together," the acquaintance remembers. "Masferrer lost a lot. He said Bosch was on dope. If Masferrer didn't like you, you were either queer or on dope."

While Masferrer got a quick parole, Bosch did not. By 1972, a nationwide campaign of exiles was demanding why. Even Florida Governor Claude Kirk, addressing potential votes at a Latin Chamber of Commerce dinner, took up the call. "When I think of free men seeking a free homeland, I must necessarily think of Dr. Bosch," he said. "As you know, the rumor is rampant that I have an interest in his plight. I am working quietly and effectively for his release and I hope very soon to see results." On November 1, 1972, after a series of hunger strikes, Orlando Bosch was freed.

For a time, not much was heard from him. When talk of renewed trade with Castro began in Washington, the slogan of a new group—the National Front for the Liberation of Cuba (FLNC)—soon proliferated on the walls of Little Havana. The FLNC, which claimed to be sending letter bombs to Cuban embassies, was said to model itself after the Palestinian terrorists. Within a month after its surfacing, Torriente became the first of the old guard of exiles to receive his "zero." And, curiously enough, Orlando Bosch disappeared.

He came forward in June, 1974 in a clandestine interview with the *Miami News*. "Nobody will dare raise a false flag here anymore, for fear for his own life," Bosch said of Torriente's murder. "His slaying was a good lesson to the exile community, so that no one else will now come forth with phony theories to fool and rob the people." But Bosch denied any direct link to the "Zero" group. He had simply gone underground, he said, because he'd violated his parole by traveling to New Jersey around the time Torriente was killed. Now he had larger plans. He had formed a new group called Acción Cubana, which he maintained had been bombing Cuba's consulates in Latin America since the previous August. They were holding merger talks with the FLNC. They were also selling bonds on the streets of Little Havana, bonds in denominations ranging from $10 to $1,000, redeemable upon the death of Fidel Castro. They had printed $10 million worth, said Orlando Bosch, with $3 million set aside for whoever could accomplish that purpose.

**"We're getting death lists with 15 to 30 people on each, all of them different," says Lt. Tom Lyons, head of the tactical investigation bureau to combat terrorism**

"I'm going underground in a Latin American country to be able to direct the internationalization of the war," he announced. "I know I will be a fugitive. But this is something we've been forced to do. We're alone in the struggle to free Cuba. We no longer have allies."

A week later, Ricardo Navarette, an ex-associate who chose to cooperate with the FBI and became the star witness against Bosch at his 1968 trial, narrowly escaped death in an explosion that ripped away the floorboards of his car. But by then, Bosch was long gone. While a Cuban paper described his supposed 500-man army in Little Havana, reports placed him in Mexico, Venezuela, Colombia, Chile and several Central American countries. Soon other fugitives were fleeing to Latin America. Notably Humberto Lopez, former announcer for the Voice of America, a veteran of demolition training with the U.S. Army and CIA, founder of the FLNC.

In November 1974, after taking credit for two bombings in Caracas, Bosch was arrested in Venezuela. The FBI, reportedly, had been searching widely for him, and his return seemed imminent. Surprisingly, the Justice Department issued this statement: "Justice is better served by keeping him out. He is not an American citizen and as far as the U.S. government is concerned, he is an undesirable who has no legal status in this country." The decision not to extradite, according to one FBI source, was made in conjunction with the State Department.

So, only a few days after his arrest, Bosch regained his freedom when "powerful Cuban exiles" in Caracas took their case to Venezuelan President Carlos Andres Perez. And Bosch flew on to Chile, where the new military junta would provide him a secure base of operations. According to a Miami newsman who interviewed him there, he had a Venezuelan chief of staff and 15 well-armed Chilean bodyguards. "Bosch had a book on the life of Yasir Arafat with him and an impressive stack of cash on the table," the newsman wrote. "He told me he had all the money, friends and protection he is going to need to defeat Castro."

By July 1975, he was out to win more. In a clandestine message from Chile to a New York Spanish newspaper, Bosch quietly urged the former followers of the "Torriente Plan" to turn over their funds. And in Little Havana, one by one the other targets on the "Zero" list began to fall.

By all outer appearances, Miami's exiles long ago set about the process of Americanization. By the mid-1970s, Cubans comprised 52 percent of Miami's population, owned 8,000 businesses, had their own phone book and chamber of commerce, and boasted a dozen bank presidents, a vice-mayor, and a state Democratic chairman. Little Havana, once a decaying and forgotten segment of the city's southwest quadrant, teemed with new shops and stucco bungalows.

Beneath that facade, however, lay a deep, festering mistrust. The jealousies among the CIA's favored exile groups were only exacerbated by the CIA's establishing a massive "counter-intelligence" office, with a $2 million budget and over 150 paid informants in the mid-1960s: Cubans trained to spy on other Cubans, looking both for Castro agents and anti-Castro groups bent on taking the "irregular war" into their own hands. As more and more exiles arrived (368,000 over a 12-year span on Cuban Freedom Flights), Little Havana took on the appearance of wartime Casablanca. A den of intrigue, teeming with agents, double agents and informers. From this nest sprang the Watergate burglars. And less scrupulous creatures.

Indeed, while the old alliances died, their lessons were not lost on the exiles. Schooled in sabotage by the CIA, skulduggery by the Mob, and deceit by the federal government, that their ranks should produce an Orlando Bosch can come as no particular surprise. What *is* awesome is his apparent strength. For, seemingly, there has been little retaliatory blood-letting against his followers since the terrorism began escalating late last year. The pattern has looked like this:

●Friday, February 21, 1975: Three days after announcing his intention to return to Cuba to challenge Castro in an election, liberal leader Luciano Nieves, 43, is gunned down in the parking lot of a children's hospital as he leaves the bedside of an ailing son.

●Halloween, Friday, October 31, 1975: Rolando Masferrer, 56-year-old publisher of the weekly newspaper *Libertad*, former Cuban senator and cellmate of Dr. Bosch, is blown to bits by a high-powered dynamite bomb as he turns the ignition of his '68 Ford Torrino. A communique postmarked Philadelphia and mailed to the Associated Press calls him "an old-time gangster" whose death "should serve as an example for those who disdain the cause of Cuban liberation." It states: "The secret organization Zero is responsible for the slaying."

●April 13, 1976: Days after police received word that another exile leader would die during Easter week, 40-year-old Ramon Donestevez is found slumped over his desk in his boatyard office, shot through the head. Also the publisher of a Spanish paper, six times in the past ten years he had sailed to Cuba attempting to gain the release of political prisoners.

●Friday, April 30, 1976: Exactly six months after the bomb-slaying of Masferrer, Emilio Milian, 45, survives a precise duplication in the parking lot of radio station WQBA. As the station's news director, he had urged an editorial stand against the onslaught of terrorism. Milian loses both his legs below the knees. "They had told him to shut up or they would murder him," says his son. "But he was not afraid. He felt it was his right to criticize."

●Saturday, May 29, 1976: The bullet-riddled body of Jesus Gonzalez Cartas, onetime Cuban labor leader and fervent anti-Castro operator, is discovered in an isolated field. In Miami, it is the fourth murder of a well-known exile in two weeks.

Then there are the bombings, the worst series coinciding with last December's visit of William P. Rogers, Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs and an exponent of normalizing relations with Castro.

The deeds are claimed by a dozen mysterious nicknames—Zero, Youths of the Star, FNLC, Secret Cuban Government, Cuban Action, GIN, Omega 7, on and on. FBI sources investigating the Orlando Letelier bombing suspect a coalition group known as the Coordination of United Revolutionary Organizations, which, coincidently enough, is led by Orlando Bosch.

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE MIAMI HERALD

Orlando Bosch, rumored to be in Chile, may control the Cuban terrorists in the U.S.

In the words of Lieutenant Tom Lyons, head of a special tactical investigation bureau to combat terrorism set up by the Metro Public Safety Department: "Even trying to identify a group and its membership is almost impossible. A few years ago, there were about 105 different groups. Now the names have changed. Some people hold multi-memberships. We're getting death lists with 15 to 30 people on each, all of them different. All from different organizations, or maybe they're the same organization with different names. What can I tell you?"

If the intent is to create a climate of fear in Little Havana, it has certainly succeeded. The most prominent exiles now keep odd hours, travel in different cars and skip town for days at a time. The editor of *Replica*, the most successful Spanish magazine in America, has wired and steelplated his offices from the inside. When he ventures out the back door, it is with a bodyguard armed with two shotguns.

"There is a massive schizophrenia about what is happening here," says Rafael Villaverde, director of the Little Havana Community Center. "People don't want to talk because they don't know what's going on. In this state of fear, many of us are carrying weapons. It is a sad story about the Cuban refugees."

But if Bosch is really the demon, how is he getting away with it? In Miami, there are numerous rumors about possible sources of Bosch's funding. At his last trial in 1968, a telephone tape transcript indicated strong interest in his cause from a Mr. Hunt-- "the one of the wells," as Bosch phrased it. This could only refer to the Texas oil family of the late billionaire H.L. Hunt, a ready financier of various right-wing causes.

Today, many point to Carlos Prio Socarras, the millionaire elder statesman of the exiles. Cuba's ruler before Batista, Prio's regime was the most corrupt of all. At 73, he is still called the "Presidente Cordial." As late as 1972, when he headed up Miami's Cuban-Americans for Nixon campaign, Prio was still openly voicing support for Bosch. As one veteran Miami journalist says, "Prio has so much money and so many ties, it's hard to tell where he is or isn't. As unreal as it seems, he's still jockeying to maintain political viability in case something happens in Cuba to spring him back into the realm of power."

The most likely explanation for Bosch's success, though, is also the simplest. "It's the old Chicago gangland style, nothing new," says Jay Mallin, a *Time* correspondent and author of several books on Cuba. "If you don't pay, he puts a bomb outside your office. Bosch is an extortionist, not a patriot. There is no real militant patriotic activity anymore, it's been reduced to criminal."

Another veteran observer, a soldier of fortune type named Gerry Patrick Hemming sees it like this: "Bosch organized his own PLO to straighten out some old scores. To get cooperation from certain elements involved in criminal activities, he's hitting some targets that are of no use to the Cuban Mafia. It's one hand shaking another. And it's just warming up now. Things are gonna get real interesting."

The idea that Bosch might be working hand-in-glove with elements of organized crime is not farfetched. For one thing, Miami is today the cocaine capital of the world. Most of that $8-billion-a-year business is run by Cuban exiles, and most of the cocaine is coming in from Latin America through a vast armada of private boats and planes. It's an incredibly lucrative field: a kilo worth between $3,000 and $5,000 in fertile Colombia can bring more than $800,000 when cut. No one really knows how extensive the traffic has become, only that its cash flow is sunk in dozens of legitimate businesses. Drug dealings and politics, the authorities admit, have become fingers on the same hand.

Coincidentally, the most recent assassinations in Little Havana seem to have been drug-related: the owner of two Cuban clinics shot in his luxury high rise, a British "sailor of fortune" gunned down across the street, even Masferrer's death have all been privately linked to the "coke factor."

The fine line between Bosch, the Cuban Mafia and their original mentors is difficult to decipher. South Florida has long been regarded an "open area" for America's various Mob families. According to Miami's Organized Crime Bureau, at least 2,000 Mob-connected individuals, representing 15 of the nation's 27 major families, reside there permanently or seasonally. Meyer Lansky, now 78, has come back from his exile in Tel Aviv to live in luxurious retirement in a Miami Beach condominium called Imperial House, where for "health reasons" he is apparently immune from prosecution. There are many more—Gambinos, deCavalcantes, Provenzanos—all soaking up the sunshine and soaking into the restaurants, hotels and groceries. In Tampa, Santos Traficante Jr. remains the boss of all he surveys. Once, through the casinos and the drug traffic, his star had ascended in Cuba. Once, with the help of the CIA, his men had done their utmost to eliminate Fidel and bring Cuba home again. Once, certain exiles had learned a lot from Santos Traficante Jr.

The CIA's legacy is more tangible. Earlier this year, when the reign of terror began to escalate in Miami, the Metro Police placed an unusual request to CIA headquarters. They wanted a list of all exiles trained in bomb-making and, if possible, an accounting of all C-4 and C-3 plastic explosives left behind when the CIA closed school. So far, the list has not been received. "We pursued the matter in Washington," says the FBI's Mattson. "We got a reply, but . . . I'm in a difficult spot talking for publication."

This much is certain: The CIA trained its people well. "Those guys were good, really good," remembers retired sheriff's official Charles Zmuda. "I met them at our bomb disposal area in northwest Dade. We had a problem with some explosives we didn't know how to detonate. They showed us how. They really knew their stuff. Of course, they didn't identify themselves as CIA agents, but we knew who they were."

Today, the bombings are so expert that a Miami "Bomb Squad" conducts special training sessions to keep up with the methodology; the murders so easy they seem the work of professional hit men. And there are some who believe they see a yet more ominous pattern to all the madness.

Bill Johnson, a huge mustachioed man who used to run with Frank Sturgis and now runs a used car lot in North Miami, is sitting behind his desk at the close of a long day and reminiscing about his halcyon days with Orlando Bosch. Johnson says he was a CIA pilot then, a contract operative who flew Bosch on bombing raids against the Cuban sugar mills. Even now, remembering, shaking his head in amazement, he cannot resist a grudging admiration.

"He's proved he can raise money with and without the CIA," Johnson says. "I'm sure he's already got all the arms and equipment he needs to do the numbers he wants. He's got a lot of Cuban ex-GI's under his control—and a lot of connections in Costa Rica, Guatemala, Nicaragua. I believe the CIA let him go to Chile and stay, because he could operate from there. Fidel's not about to send anybody into Chile. Orlando Bosch knows the ways of the CIA very well. They supported him with every kind of weapon he wanted, and high explosives.

"And he did what he said he was gonna do. It's as simple as that. If Bosch asks somebody for money now, they'll give it and keep their mouth shut. People with big mouths in Little Havana have shut their mouths. You watch—when he starts knocking off Cubans inside Cuba, which he can do, it'll make him a hero. You'll see Bosch up front every day, saying 'That's my group.' Then things will stop here in Miami. The terrorism will quit."

Suddenly this summer, the federal government began to close in. Not on Bosch himself, but against some of his key people. The first had been FLNC leader Humberto Lopez, extradited from the Dominican Republic last October and sentenced to 15 years on bomb charges. But as he awaited trial, three bombs had exploded in Miami Dominican offices and a fourth outside Lopez' prison cell. With the next man that the U.S. went after in the Dominican Republic, Latin authorities were not so cooperative. Rolando Otero, once among the youngest participants in the Bay of Pigs, had fled Miami in January after a wave of bombings. After the FBI issued a warrant for him, Otero was taken into custody in the Dominican Republic and then abruptly released by order of its president. Like Bosch, he moved at will from country to country. Finally, in mid-May, the FBI discovered his hiding place in Chile and induced that government to declare him an "undesirable alien." Sporting a fuzzy black goatee, Rolando Otero was flown home in handcuffs and leg irons. In June came a 17-count indictment charging him with nine bombings or attempted ones, including the State Attorney's office and Miami police department.

But on August 24, Otero was acquitted of all federal charges in a Jacksonville district court. He was held by U.S. marshals at the request of state prosecutors, who plan to try him later on similar charges.

The next in custody was Hector Cornillot Llano. He, too, had been a devoted follower of Bosch. Until April, he had been serving 30 years at the Belle Glade Correctional Institution for bombing a Miami Beach Air Canada ticket office for Bosch's Cuban Power group. Then, eleven days before the bomb severed the legs of Emilio Milian, Llano had escaped from a prison dairy where he was considered a model prisoner, and sped away in a car waiting on a nearby highway. The FBI caught up with him on June 18, in a cottage behind the offices of another violent exile group called Alpha 66, on the eve of his departure from American soil. And he became the major suspect in the Milian car bombing.

Slowly, the pieces in this intricate chain had begun to unravel. On May 3, only hours after Florida Senator Lawton Chiles criticized the FBI for its failure to quell the terrorism, the Bureau announced the arrest of three young would-be bombers outside a Little Havana porno bookstore. In many ways, this arrest was the most intriguing of all. Tony De La Cova, a 25-year-old former history teacher at Miami's Inter-American Military Academy, was taken into custody with Blas Jesus Corbo and a white straight-A physics student from

Florida Atlantic University. The three were charged with taking a small, tight-packed pipe bomb from their car to the bookstore doorstep, and were held in lieu of $200,000 bond.

From his prison cell, Corbo told of twice meeting Bosch associates who tried to induce him to join commando activity in Chile. A month before his arrest, Corbo said, he had been target practicing in the Everglades with the local chapter of Bosch's Acción Cubana. The question was—how close were Corbo's ties to De La Cova? And might they be the youthful arm of Bosch's Miami connection?

For months, ever since he lost his teaching job for failure to discipline his eighth grade class, the FBI had been watching Tony De La Cova. They had seen him on a red Honda near the scene of two firebombings, wearing dark clothes and aviator glasses. They had seen him hanging suspiciously around the bombed offices of a leftist Spanish magazine called *Arieto.* And when they went through his apartment after the arrest, they also found he'd been working to identify undercover officers in organized crime.

There were dozens of mysterious odds and ends in Tony's apartment. Eventually, the FBI hauled away 70 boxes and the inventory alone took 64 typed pages. Much of this is still classified. For De La Cova was a collector. He collected the correspondence of a federal court judge and a private FBI file concerning Frank Sturgis. He collected jail records and confidential police investigative reports. He had three such reports on the assassination of Ramon Donestevez. And he had a copy of the death certificate of Rolando Masferrer. Nobody knew how Tony De La Cova came to acquire such a unique collection.

Alone in his living room, sipping Cuban coffee at midnight, that is what Gordon Winslow is trying to figure out. Winslow, the self-acknowledged historian of Little Havana's intrigues, is a gaunt and rather wispy presence in his mid-thirties who used to believe he understood the exile mentality. Tonight, the Organized Crime Bureau has been to see Winslow again. Since the arrest of his friend De La Cova, they have been coming around a lot.

"What can I tell them?" Winslow says, throwing up his hands. "One night Tony and I were sitting here talking about what's been happening. I said to him, 'I think it's a young group, fed up with everything. They want to get rid of all the old leaders and try to unite under something else.' Tony said, 'I never thought of that.' Now I don't know. I remember another time, rapping about some Cuban who got shot through his window. 'He got what was coming to him,' Tony said.

"But I was amazed at the arrest. Tony had all kinds of weird ideas, but he was a quiet kind of guy really, a historian. Then when I saw him at the hearing, he looked like he'd suddenly become the great Cuban liberator Jose Marti."

Nobody knew quite what to make of De La Cova's background either. In college, after a trip to Northern Ireland, he had been considered something of a pacifist leader among *pro*-Castro intellectuals. Almost overnight, he underwent an apparent metamorphosis—sporting a Palestinian armband and high knee boots, even exchanging gunfire with four students he said had attacked him in a campus parking lot. Then, chameleon-like, he changed colors again. By day, he taught history; by night, he worked feverishly on a master's thesis about the 26th of July Movement that brought Castro to power. Finally, he began to spend hours hanging around the newspaper offices of Rolando Masferrer.

**The bombings are so expert that a Miami Bomb Squad conducts special training sessions to keep up with the methodology**

"He looked rather harmless, a studious type of person," Masferrer's wife Lucilla would recall. "He was constantly asking Rolando questions, and carrying notes and clippings. It never occurred to me that he might be violent."

There, at Masferrer's offices, Gordon Winslow first encountered De La Cova. "I was planning to do a book on Masferrer and Tony said he was doing research on him, too. Now I'm told it was Tony who planted some dope in Masferrer's house. Two DEA agents came and found it, and threatened to revoke Masferrer's parole unless he came up with the names of some cocaine importers. So he gave a few names, and the word got out, and Masferrer got hit."

Winslow takes a long pensive sip of Cuban coffee. "Tony told me once that he'd been invited to the Dominican Republic," he muses. "And about an assassination attempt against Fidel, scheduled for some place in Mexico. He knew a lot about a lot of things. The thing about Tony, though—say I was head of a group. Well, he'd join it. He'd be Masferrer. He'd be CIA. He was very much influenced by strong personalities. Like, if you were a father image, you could get him to do anything."

In August, a Miami judge sentenced Tony De La Cova to 65 years; his partner, Gary Latham, got 35, and Corbo was convicted and awaits sentencing.

If Dr. Orlando Bosch was indeed the father image for Tony De La Cova, we may never know it. The last anyone knew for certain, Bosch was in Costa Rica. He traveled there last February where, during a visit by Henry Kissinger, he was jailed for traveling under a false passport.

According to the testimony of police Lieutenant Lyons before a Senate subcommitte, a confidential source had informed his department a few weeks beofre that an attempt might be made on Kissinger's life there. The FBI and Secret Service were notified, and Bosch was then arrested. It was also rumored he might have been planning to assassinate Andres Pascal Allende, the exiled nephew of the late Chilean president. At any rate, after Kissinger departed, the Costa Rican Supreme Court ordered Bosch deported to the Dominican Republic. In Little Havana, the word is that he has since returned to Chile.

And none of the recent arrests seem to have affected the planned crusade of this man without a country. Late in June, five exile organizations met in an undisclosed location in Central America. They announced an imminent terrorist campaign directed against the diplomats and property of Cuba's foreign embassies. Their spokesman—the *only* identified spokesman—was Dr. Bosch.

Fidel Castro retaliated in June with a speech, avowing that the CIA could no longer control its agents and threatening to break the 1973 hijacking agreement with the U.S. The only response from Washington was the subsequent release of testimony given before a Senate Judiciary subcommittee on internal security in May, in which Miami authorities described the recent reign of terror as emanating from anti-Castro exiles who "use Dade County as a base for international terrorism against allied governments of Cuba, Cuban shipping, Communists, purported Communists and individuals who take a stand against their terroristic-type tactics."

But the thaw in U.S.-Cuban relations had once again become an iceberg. Somewhere in the hinterlands of Latin America, Orlando Bosch must have smiled.●

Everywhere, across the country, women in groups are talking about poetry: workshops for women only, feminist presses, collectives, small magazines. Although the explosion is often ignored by established critics and publishers, the women are writing about each other and for each other to create new connections with a buried history—in all, a new community.

# OUT OF THE BELL JAR

By Louise Bernikow

*when courage fails, silence and evasion are likely to manifest themselves.*—Virginia Woolf

I am talking about the talent in the room, what women poets are doing and what they are doing to our literature. I am sitting in my own room and it is piled high with books, magazines and manuscripts of women's poetry in the present. The room is crowded, overfilled.

This morning, I had a conversation with Jane Cooper, who teaches writing at Sarah Lawrence College and has published two books of poetry. One of them contains an extraordinary essay smack in the middle, "Nothing Has Been Used in the Manufacture of This Poetry That Could Have Been Used in the Manufacture of Bread," in which Cooper goes through her intellectual/emotional development as a poet, marking the places where her sense of the *authenticity* of being a woman poet in a male world faltered and where it thrived. I had been thinking—and I asked if she agreed—that the future of women's poetry rests on action,

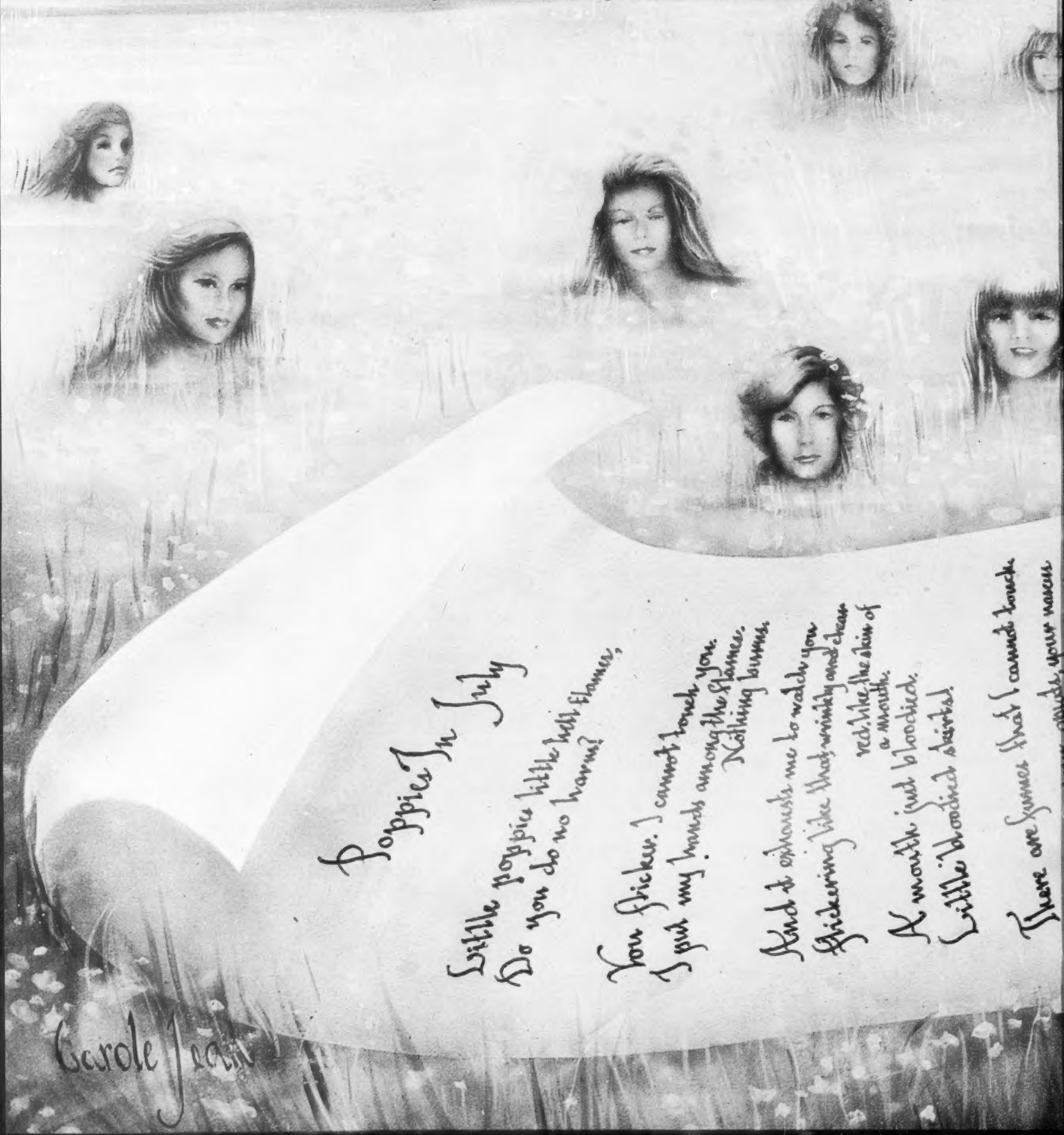
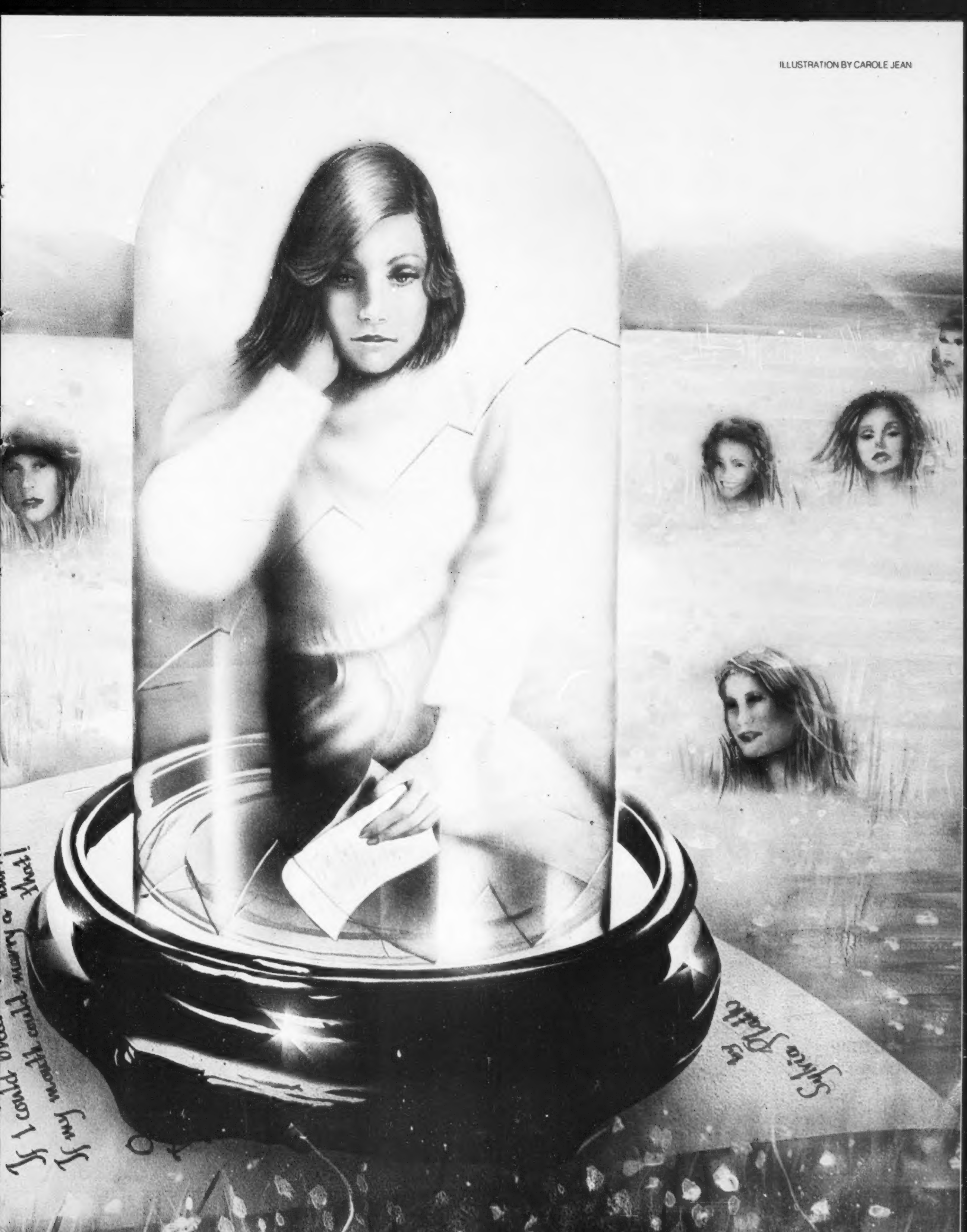

Poppies In July
Little poppies little hell flames,
Do you do no harm?
You flicker. I cannot touch you.
I put my hands among the flames.
Nothing burns.
And it exhausts me to watch you
flickering like that, wrinkly and clear
red, like the skin of
a mouth.
A mouth just bloodied.
Little bloodied skirts!
There are fumes that I cannot touch.
Carole Jean

ILLUSTRATION BY CAROLE JEAN


If I could
If my mouth could marry a
That!
by
Sylvia Plath

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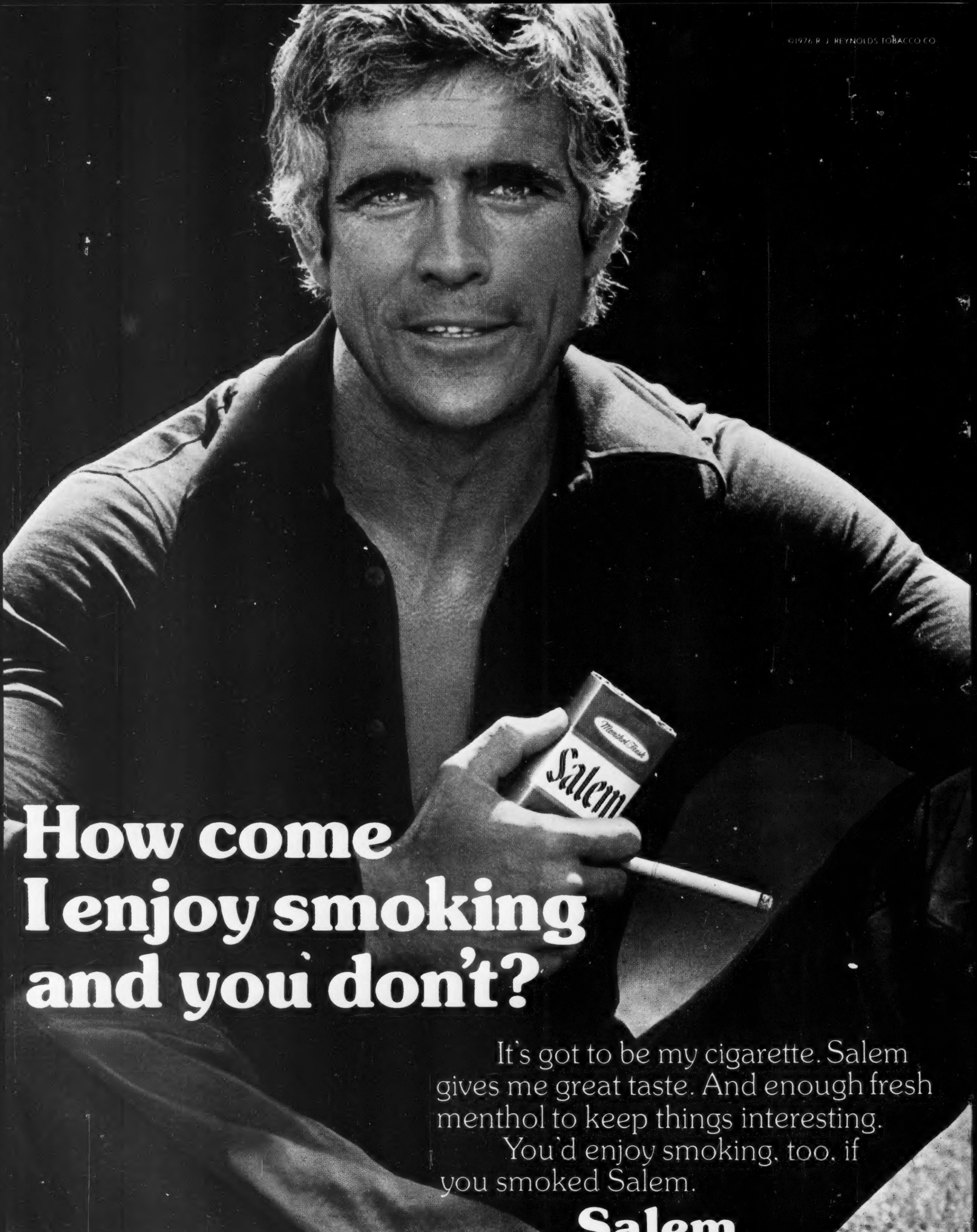

# How come I enjoy smoking and you don't?

It's got to be my cigarette. Salem gives me great taste. And enough fresh menthol to keep things interesting.

You'd enjoy smoking, too, if you smoked Salem.

**Salem.**

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report APR. '76.

taking control of the institutions of literary life, becoming the people who review poetry, run magazines. (I was in a political mood.) Cooper thought not, or not for her. She said her future was in consciousness, in expanding her vision, imagining what has not yet been imagined, putting it into the work. She said that when she finished college, in the late '40s, there were only two fellowships for study in Europe that allowed women to apply. Just two. This is related to women's poetry, where it has come from.

Yesterday, another poet told me a story. She met a man and she liked him; when she felt safe enough, she gave him her new book of poems; he said she was "a great poet," that she *had* to devote her energy to organizing her life in a way that allowed her to write all the time. He was a businessman. I know what my friend's fantasies were like—the Leonard Woolf or Eugen Bossevain at last, the protectors (perhaps there was a dark side to that protection, but let it pass) of Virginia Woolf and Edna Millay, the ones who sent visitors away because the writer was at work upstairs. This is a sad story, my friends. He who had said she was great then found reasons to disappear from her life. This, too, is related to women's poetry, what it grapples with.

Here in my room, so much is going on. Before my eyes are the books of poetry written by Adrienne Rich, June Jordan, Anne Sexton, Joan Larkin, Alice Walker, Erica Jong, Denise Levertov, Marilyn Hacker, Susan Griffin, Susan Sherman, Eve Merriam, Robin Morgan, Jane Cooper, Sylvia Plath, Diane Wakoski, Muriel Rukeyser, Carolyn Rodgers, Jane Barnes, Anne Waldman, Jean Valentine, Rita Mae Brown, Martha Shelley, Kathleen Spivack, Alta, Judy Grahn, Margaret Atwood, Lyn Lifsin, Gwendolyn Brooks, Nikki Giovanni, Fran Winant, Louise Gluck, Audre Lourde, Sonia Sanchez. Those are books, but then I have pamphlets, broadsides, mimeo pages, anthologies, magazines and things that come in the mail. From these, I know the work of Honor Moore, Daniela Gioseffi, Frances Whyatt, Annabel Levitt, Jodi Braxton, Anne Halley, Robin Becker, Marilyn Zuckerman, Ellen Bass, Ellen Marie Bissert and more and more. What can I or anyone make of it all? Plenitude, yes. Multitudes of women are writing poetry; much of it is being published; it reaches me; it affects my life; it is different from what has come before. The talent in the room is no nursling, it is an enormous talent, big enough to overflow the room, bigger than this building, bigger than the Hearst castle.

How come? What sits in my room is, to begin with, a cultural phenomenon. Something has happened and continues to happen. It drifts in the air like dust in the light coming through my window, but I hardly know what to call it.

There have always been women poets. Muriel Rukeyser and Denise Levertov have been alive and writing and influencing other poets for a long time now. There have always been some, but never so many so visibly and not in quite the same way. I have heard that this is the heritage of Sylvia Plath and Anne Sexton, that women's poetry today descends from those now-dead poets, what they wrote and how it was received. I don't think so, or I do think so, but only perversely. Plath killed herself in 1963. It was a tragic and melodramatic death, living in Yeats' house in London, a cold winter, two children, her head in a gas stove, an estranged poet/husband. Her story pulsates with pain, not only because it ended in self-murder, but because the best known work is largely about pain. The voice of Sylvia Plath that we are best acquainted with is this one, a fierce woman in agony, mutilating herself:

**Plath and Sexton are important because their violence freed many from the need to be "nice" on the page**

Dying
Is an art, like everything else.
I do it exceptionally well.
"Lady Lazarus"

Every woman adores a Fascist,
The boot in the face, the brute
Brute heart of a brute like you.
"Daddy"

In the same way, what is popular of Anne Sexton's work revolves around personal pain, anguish and madness, the inability to hold on to the real world and the slipping away toward death. In fact, the word "Sextonics" has crept nastily into our language; it is usually used as a synonym for "hysterical."

They are ground-breaking poets, both of them, but that is not why they are so popular, why they leap to mind at the beginning when you think of women poets. They are important because their violence freed many of the readers from the need to be "nice" on the page; they are important because of their "domestic" subject matter—poems set in kitchens, poems of the great female indoors. Still, they are not so much alike. They are spoken of in the same breath because both are associated with Boston, studied with Robert Lowell and are dead. The "dead" part explains their popularity. We like to think the literary world is different from mainstream culture, but of course, it isn't. A world in which Plath and Sexton are taught in classrooms and written of in criticism as the major women poets of our time is the same world in which *New York* magazine puts a woman writhing on a funeral pyre on the cover of a Valentine's Day issue. Masochism triumphant.

If the something that has happened in our literature is not Plath and Sexton, then what? It has something to do with cultural change and the creation of a new kind of community, a community of women with autonomous (i.e., not through men) relationships with each other. Community rests on understanding. The business of the poet is articulation and I suspect the continuing growth of the poet is tied to being heard and understood. What holds the community together is a frame of reference in common, a language that resembles the ordinary language of the culture but is different or is being used for different ends. This has happened to us.

What, then, is being articulated in this new poetry, how and for whom?

The what. Anger, first of all. Historically, it is the anger that stands out, the one or more poems in each woman's work whose subject is a personal anger or a collective one or, usually, both. Along with anger comes its sister-moods, rage and bitterness. For example, Marge Piercy is one of the first and most consistent poets of this kind of rage:

You said: I am the organizer, and took and used.
You wrapped your head in theory like yards of gauze
and touched others only as tools that fit to your task
and if the tool broke you seized another.
"Song of the Fucked Duck"

There is no difference between being raped
and being pushed down a flight of cement steps
except that the wounds also bleed inside.
"Rape Poem"

She rises. She rises to seize
the weapon and say again No
in blood. The only No that holds
is written in letters of bone.
Power accepts no lesser currency.

"For Inez Garcia"

Robin Morgan's early poems groped for a voice to express this rage:

Do you understand? Dying. Going crazy.
Really. No poetic metaphor.
Hallucinating thin rainbow-colored nets
like cobwebs all over my skin
and dreaming more and more when I can sleep
of being killed or killing.
Sweet revolution, how I wish the female tears
rolling silently down my face this second were each a bullet,
each word I write, each character on my typewriter bullets
to kill whatever it is in men that built this empire,
colonized my very body,
then named the colony Monster.

From *Monster: Poems by Robin Morgan*. Copyright © 1972 by Robin Morgan. Reprinted by permission of Random House, Inc.

This is June Jordan:

Prez Washington he say
"give me niggers
let me pay
by check"
(Check the father of this country what he say:)

"I always pay for niggers
let them stay
like vermin
at Mount Vernon"

"Cameo No. II"

From *Some Changes*. Copyright © 1967, 1971 by June Meyer Jordan. Reprinted by permission of E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc.

And Erica Jong:

The best slave
does not need to be beaten.
She beats herself.

Not with a leather whip,
or with sticks or twigs,
not with a blackjack
or a billyclub,
but with the fine whip
of her own tongue
& the subtle beating
of her mind
against her mind.

"Alcestis on the Poetry Circuit"

From *Half-Lives* by Erica Jong. Copyright © 1971, 1972, 1973 by Erica Mann Jong. Reprinted by permission of Holt, Rinehart and Winston, Publishers.

This is the voice of the first rush of women's poetry, the voice of the sixties, although some of the poems were published later. Collective anger was what we had in common, where our energy came from. The first speak-outs, demonstrations, finding ourselves in other women's anger, screaming and shouting. It was a very vocal time. What we had in common was opposition and this poetry comes from that time. It is a resounding No. For some poets, the ones I've just quoted and many others, there is a direct relationship between the historical events of the late sixties and their own work.

It is particularly appropriate that poetry emerge as the art form of that political moment. There were political meetings preceded by poetry readings. There were readings to benefit Vietnamese women, poetry magazines, rape victims who had fought back. The first time I read my own work in public was at a benefit for a woman's bookstore in New York. The audience was a woman's audience, not particularly a poetry audience, with special appreciation for the feeling and content of what they were hearing. They were not silent and passive. People sat on the floor, hooted, hollered and sometimes cried. Missing was what I had seen in years of going to poetry readings, what had alienated me from that world—the "professionalism" and competitiveness of what I identified as "male" literary events. At the Labyris benefit, I saw no one silently marking, aha, good line, score one. It did not feel like football. Instead, I felt a YES coming from the audience and that YES was felt by so many people that Right On/Write On became a cliché in our culture.

PHOTO REPRODUCTION BY JIM KALETT, USED BY PERMISSION OF HARPER & ROW, INC.

Sylvia Plath (above) and Anne Sexton set the groundwork for the current movement in poetry by legitimizing "domestic" subject matter: poems of the great female indoors. But their themes of self-mutilation, anguish and madness are not so prevalent among the younger poets writing today. The new voice is affirmation.

This feeding of literary talent by an essentially political source is not new in the history of the world, but what it has done for women in our time, as it did for black artists in the sixties and for people in Vietnam and in China is restore the art of poetry to a primitive, tribal function. Such origins in community and oral sharing of poetry in women's culture have helped steal the Muse from the Academy, where she has been languishing for many years.

Not every woman writing today has her roots in feminism, but those who do not have absorbed the work of those who do. There is a generation writing now whose assumptions about what poetry is for, what you can and can't do in "literature" are very different from those of fifteen years ago. It used to belong to the straight white man, remember? We used to grow up thinking poetry meant Yeats or Eliot, Stevens, then Ginsberg or Olson, Padgett or O'Hara. That was what was visible and printed. There were those scatterings, of course, always scatterings, but on the whole poetry, if you grew up reading in the fifties and early sixties, was white man's turf. It was dry and intellectual, alienated and full of remote references or it was a bunch of guys on the Lower East Side, feeling lost in America, blowing dope and bragging. No more.

Now there is so much of what was missing in our literature—the stuff of women's lives. Anger is one part of it. There is also the poetry of specifically female experience, new subjects not in the old textbooks:

Last night between your legs the industrial revolution
gave every woman a raise. Trees fell out of nests
and birds congratulated their genitals. Last night
my pelvis invented the synthesizer. Your nipples
invented speed, consumer osterizers and time machines.

Frances Whyatt, "Inventions of the Clitoris"

From *The Little Magazine*, Volume Eight, Numbers Three and Four. Copyright © 1974 by Frances Whyatt.

This is a poem for a woman doing dishes.
This is a poem for a woman doing dishes.
It must be repeated.
It must be repeated,
again and again,
again and again,
because the woman doing dishes
because the woman doing dishes
has trouble hearing
has trouble hearing.

Susan Griffin, "Three Poems For Women"

From *Let Them Be Said* by Susan Griffin. Copyright © 1973 by Susan Griffin. Reprinted by permission of author.

The insatiable baby sucked on its mother.
As the book said, supply increased with demand;
So the baby grew enormously, and
Its anemone-pink mouth fastened to the pink
Bud of her nipple, barnacle to rock.

Cynthia Macdonald, "The Insatiable Baby"

Most of these new subjects are about bodies, female ones that don't look like the Venus de Milo nor function as effortlessly as the women lovely in their bones that men like to write about. So we have poems about menstruation, childbirth, rape, abortion and making love. We do not have these things monolithically. The voices are different. Marilyn Hacker's is one of the most elegant, crafted and fine:

You could be crouching by the fire
with an unopened book, again redoing
your last spoiled scene, washing your hair again,
washing the dishes, washing your face, bemused in
your own bad smell. Instead you set
a pint of bitter and some sandwiches
out on the coffee-table with your borrowed
typewriter. Everywhere you are
coaxing him into your room.

"The Companion"

From *Separations*. Copyright © 1976 by Marilyn Hacker. Reprinted by permission of Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.

Women are writing consistently now about themselves and about other women. Lines of descent and heritage are important themes, the search and construction of a female past. Each in her own voice. Honor Moore's is ironic and witty:

My mother said I'd inherit a moustache and I did.
Hers she removed with green wax
she melted in a pan, a two-inch
saucepan, when the hairs
grew too evident.
At fifteen, a dutiful daughter and fascinated
as well by my possible beauty, I bought
my own doll-size waxworks and
inherited my mother's ritual for
a while.

"My Mother's Moustache"

From *American Review 19*. Copyright © 1974 by Honor Moore. Reprinted by permission of author.

June Jordan's is mellifluous:

meanwhile
momma
momma momma
teach me how to kiss
the king within the kingdom
teach how to t.c.b./to make do
and be
like you
teach me to survive my
momma
teach me how to hold a new life
momma
help me
turn the face of history
*to your face.*

"Getting Down To Get Over"

Copyright © 1974 by June Jordan.

**Lines of descent and heritage are important themes, the search and construction of a female past**

For years, we have had male poets slapping each other on the back and now that has become a genre endlessly mined by women. Our literature is full of poems of praise, seeking heroines in history, poems about Harriet Tubman, Fannie Lou Hamer, Marie Curie, wives and daughters of famous men. There is one kind of poem that combines the search for heritage with the need for self-definition as a woman artist—the poem about a woman writer of the past. Erica Jong has claimed Colette as her teacher; Adrienne Rich writes about Emily Dickinson who "chose to have it out at last/ on your own premises" and Honor Moore writes about Adrienne Rich and the hand goes on touching the next hand.

Which brings me to affection and love, the taboo in our culture and our literature about women loving women. Gertrude Stein is nearly the only well-known modern poet who dared. The concerns of Lesbian poetry, of which we now have a great deal, are concerns of anyone involved in the poetic process. These are the poets who have struggled hardest in our time to speak in the face of cultural taboo. It is important to do that, to not rope off areas of imagination and experience. It is important to write freely, about anything that urges itself upon us. The presence now of these poems has freed more poets to write about anything they want to write about:

my qualifications are suspect
i am neither blessed nor virgin
i've slept with men
given that up
i've slept with women
not quite ditto
i am becoming an antique virgin
a virgin as in antiquity
like Artemis
like Sappho retired

Ellen Marie Bissert, "The Immaculate Conception Of The Blessed Virgin Dyke"

First appeared in *Thirteenth Moon*. Copyright © 1975 Thirteenth Moon, Inc.

My voice rings down through thousands of years
To coil around your body and give you strength,
You who have wept in direct sunlight,
Who have hungered in invisible chains,
Tremble to the cadence of my legacy:
An army of lovers shall not fail.

Rita Mae Brown, "Sappho's Reply"

From *The Hand That Cradles The Rock*. Copyright © 1975 by Rita Mae Brown and Ginger Legato. Reprinted by permission of Diana Press.

I was not going to say
how you lay with me

nor where your hands went
& left their light impressions

nor whose face was white
as a splash of moonlight

nor who spilled the wine
nor whose blood stained the sheet

Joan Larkin, "Some Unsaid Things"

From *Housework* by Joan Larkin. Copyright © 1975 by Joan Larkin. Reprinted by permission of Out & Out Books.

To fear you     is to fear myself
To hate you     is to hate myself
To desire you     is to desire myself
To love you     is to love myself

*Lillith of the Wildwood*
*Lillith of the Fair Places*

who eats her own children
who is cursed of God

Mother of us all

Susan Sherman, "Lillith of the Wildwood, of the Fair Places"

From *With Anger/With Love*, Mulch Press. Copyright © 1974 by Susan Sherman.

Lesbian poetry is not a sub-culture, it is part of the phenomenal outburst of women's poetry. Lesbian poets do not write only of sex, they write the kinds of poems women are writing. In the same way, it is hard to talk about what black women are doing in poetry because the answer is, everything. The poems of some black women relate to black literary traditions; others do not. Sonia Sanchez writes often in blacktalk, emphasizing the lyrical and rhythmic, approaching music. June Jordan does sometimes. Audre Lourde, Maya Angelou, the brilliant work still coming from Gwendolyn Brooks, Jodi Braxton, so many, so different. This is the absolutely unique voice of Alice Walker:

Rebellious. Living.
Against the Elemental Crush.
A Song of Color
Blooming
For Deserving Eyes.
Blooming Gloriously
For its Self.

*Revolutionary Petunia.*

"The Nature of This Flower Is to Bloom"

From *Revolutionry Petunias* by Alice Walker. Copyright © 1973 by Alice Walker. Reprinted by permission of Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, Inc.

## FORMS FOR THINGS UNKNOWN

*Publication—is the Auction*
*Of the Mind of Man—*
Emily Dickinson

Here in my room, still, I'm looking at the spines of the books I have been describing and thinking about. Some say Doubleday or Scribners or Norton or Random House, but there are many others. The explosion of women's poetry coincides with the emergence of the women's movement in our time and part of that has to do with books and institutions. This is about autonomy. It is a literary version of the self-help clinics, existing for the same reasons. There is a women's counterculture in publishing and because of it, the poetry that might have disappeared into the smoky air after a reading sits here now on my shelf.

The Women's Press Collective in Oakland published Judy Grahn's three stunning, radical books— *The Common Woman*, poems about waitresses and other "common" women, taking on the issue of class directly in the poems, *Edward The Dyke And Other Poems* and *A Woman Is Talking To Death*. Shameless Hussy Press, now defunct, came from California, too, with the first book of Susan Griffin's and the work of Alta, Shameless Hussy's founder, an an-

PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLEN SHUB
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The talent in the room. From top to bottom in the lefthand column: Rita Mae Brown, June Jordan, Adrienne Rich and Muriel Rukeyser. In the righthand column: Sonia Sanchez, Susan Sherman, Robin Morgan and Marilyn Hacker.

tic poet and a powerful force on the West Coast literary scene, initiator of the controversial women-only readings at which many poets had their first public audience. Diana Press in Baltimore, women-run, published Rita Mae Brown, whose riotous and forceful novels and poems have had a huge impact on literary life and women's culture. In Boston, Alice James Press, named for the sister of William and Henry, is a phenomenon in the publishing world. This collective of women poets puts out varied and excellent work of their own. The books are beautiful; the work is first-rate; the process by which the books are chosen, created and distributed is representative of feminist publishing. Anyone watching a meeting of this group, remembering the isolation and sense of exile most women writers have felt from one another and from the institutions of culture, cannot but be astonished.

Alice James is meeting in a small, unfinished building in Cambridge, Massachusetts, late in the spring. The room is crowded, everyone just about fitting, crammed around the table. Patricia Cumming is passing around the manuscript of her next book, *Letter From An Outlying Province.*

"I have a few questions I'd like you to think about," Cumming says to the group, "especially about length. I really need feedback." Everyone agrees to discuss Cumming's manuscript at the next meeting, driving the few available copies from one house to another in the next few days. "We really do things differently," Robin Becker says, smiling. "You're not getting to see it, but we have a continual dialogue about things that don't get resolved immediately."

The business of the day moves on. Trouble with distribution; who should make the rounds of the local bookstores and urge them again to take Alice James books? The Cumming volume—how to design the cover, where to get the photograph printed best, what is a realistic price for reproducing the photograph. . . .

Once the books are published, of course, the "supportive, caring and flexible" atmosphere of Alice James, as Fletcher described it, disappears in the face of the "literary" world. "We are ignored or condescended to by male small presses," Marilyn Zuckerman explains, which opens up the subject of women poets in what is still a man's world and makes Marjorie Fletcher angry. "Just look at Daniel Halpern's new collection of contemporary poetry. There are very few women and those that are in there are poems that cater to the male ego. The whole structure is male. The poems men are writing are so hollow."

The anger is here in this discussion as it is everywhere when women look analytically at the entrenchment of patriarchal power in the literary world. There is variety here, too, as everywhere, a range of opinion about whether it matters or not what men think of Alice James. There is no party line. The poets differ enormously in their politics.

"Damn, the power is still male, the reviewers are male."

"*Harvard bookstore* won't take our books."

"I don't care whether they do or not."

"Oh, no. We have to force them."

This kind of talk is part of the "business" of Alice James and it goes on throughout the meeting. Late in the afternoon, Marjorie Fletcher returns to the question, just as the group is about to disperse. "You know, on the question of do you care what men think, who is your audience, I'm a little clearer now. In terms of the press, yes, it's important, but personally, in my own work, I think the real audience is female." This is a contradiction with which many writers are struggling to live.

**In the 50s and early 60s, poetry meant white man's turf. It was dry and intellectual or it was a bunch of guys feeling lost in America, blowing dope and bragging. No more**

Everywhere, there are women in groups dealing with poetry. Every city has its workshops for women only. Others do it differently, work on their own, share with their friends, go to male teachers for "a crit," but there is the new form, echoes of Margaret Fuller and her circle, other interlacings now buried in history, this new community. Out of the workshops and the presses like Alice James and the magazines like *Aphra* in New York and *Thirteenth Moon* in the same city and *Dark Horse* in Boston and the collectives all over the country come young poets, encouraged. Ask a woman in an M.F.A. program somewhere whose teachers are male whether she does not still confront the "I don't understand this" or "How can you write about that?"

Criticism is important; no one grows without it. It is changing, it is better, there are exceptions, but on the whole, the new poetry of American women is still being trashed by reviewers in "major" publications. Yet something else is beginning to happen: these poets are beginning to write about each other. Women who teach literature and Women's Studies are beginning to attend to their contemporaries. There will be, if we keep at it, a distinguished new criticism in our literature and it will not avoid the content of the work nor will it be the useless "everything any woman writes is wonderful" brand of romantic feminism out of which we are now emerging.

## THE CURRENT MOMENT

*How can patriarchal poetry be often*
*praised often praised.*
*To get away from me.*
Gertrude Stein

Looking back, the road just traveled becomes clearer. There have been certain changes in women's poetry, certain consistencies, failures and successes. Something has happened to the anger and defiance. Adrienne Rich's work is a good focus for seeing what has happened. Rich has been trying most visibly to articulate the transformation as she lives it and finds it in her work. From *Snapshots Of A Daughter In Law*, published in 1963, through the most recent poems, you can see a poet struggle mightily and brilliantly with the feeling of exile, the not-belonging, and the anger that comes with it. This anger begins in depression, alienation, a poetic voice in pain. That voice, as Rich's work evolves, unmasks, looks squarely at its rage, explores it and struggles through it. This is true visionary anger. The poems, extraordinary to begin with, get longer and larger as the work flows from her, they expand. *Diving into the Wreck* (1973) had pivotal poems:

Out here I feel more helpless
with you than without you
"Trying to Talk with a Man"

I suddenly see the world
as no longer viable:
you are out there burning the crops
with some new sublimate
This morning you left the bed
we still share
and went out to spread impotence
upon the world

I hate you.
I hate the mask you wear, your eyes
assuming a depth

they do not possess, drawing me
into the grotto of your skull
the landscape of bone
I hate your words
they make me think of fake
revolutionary bills
crisp imitation parchment
they sell at battlefields.

"The Phenomenology Of Anger"

and the title poem, "Diving into the Wreck,"

We are, I am, you are
by cowardice or courage
the one who find our way
back to this scene
carrying a knife, a camera
a book of myths
in which
our names do not appear.

These are pivotal poems because the voice that speaks them knows its rage. It is a voice that can say "I hate you," each of those words significant. The "I" is a real "I," unmasked; the "hate" is pure, unliterary; the "you" is a specific person, a man. Confrontations with this kind of anger clear the air. Rich has gone on, in her work, beyond anger to connection. I don't know if she is leading the way, having visions, or speaking for those who cannot speak for themselves. She is the most important poet writing in this country. What she says now, where she goes in her work, will have tremendous impact.

I have lived in isolation
from other women, so much

in the mining camps, the first cities
the Great Plains winters

Most of the time, in my sex, I was alone

. . .

Any woman's death diminishes me

"From an Old House in America," 1974

From *POEMS, Selected and New, 1950-1974,* by Adrienne Rich with the permission of W. W. Norton & Co., Inc. Copyright © 1975, 1973, 1971, 1969, 1966 by W. W. Norton & Co., Inc., 1967 by Adrienne Rich.

The content of the poems has changed. So too has their impulse, their sense of who the audience is. Anger and isolation are not the immediate focus; survival and connection to a community of women are. This is a poet of exceptional gift. The use to which she puts that gift needs noticing. If one poem could be representative of the moment (of course it cannot, but let's pretend), I would choose the recent "Phantasia for Elvira Shatayev." Rich's note says: (leader of an 8-woman climbing team, all of whom died in a storm on Lenin Peak, August 1974. Later Shatayev's husband found and buried the bodies.) The poem begins in Shatayev's voice:

The cold felt cold until our blood
grew colder     then the wind
died down and we slept

If in this sleep I speak
it's with a voice no longer personal
(I want to say     *with voices*)
When the wind tore     our breath from
    us at last
we had no need of words
For months     for years     each one
    of us
had felt her own *yes*     growing in her

It ends with Rich's invention of the last words Shatayev wrote in her diary, before she died:

**The new subjects are about bodies, female ones that don't look like the Venus de Milo nor function as effortlessly as the women that men like to write about**

*What does love mean*
*what does it mean     "to survive"*
*Having climbed beyond nostalgia*
*we will not leave this mountain*
*A cable of blue fire ropes our bodies*
*burning together in the snow     We will*
    *not live*
*to settle for less     We have dreamed of*
    *this*
*all of our lives*

From *Amazon Poetry,* Out & Out Books. Copyright © 1975 by Adrienne Rich.

Affirmation, connection, strength and energy—this is the mood of the moment, not everywhere, but visible enough to be noticed. It's odd, in a world falling apart, in a culture whose general attitude is despair and uncertainty, but then it is not odd, either. A women's culture exists and has for some time. There are poets, books, art shows, photographers, rock bands, playwrights—with a shared sensibility. There is urgency and necessity, something important to say. There is confidence—enough of us have been at it long enough to know this art will not be obliterated. There is courage— we are pushing forward.

### WHO IS WE?

> *The poem has a social effect of some kind whether or not the poet wills that it have. It has kinetic force, it sets in motion . . . elements in the reader that otherwise would be stagnant.*
>
> Denise Levertov

"Until we find each other we are lost," says Adrienne Rich in a poem called "Hunger." Who is "we?"—that is the question. Each poet has her own personal answer. For most, the audience for the work is oneself and some close friends. Larger than that, the audience depends on the poet. Diane Wakoski says, simply, "I the poet am always busy trying to tell you what I think and feel about the world," which makes the question, then, who wants to listen? This is cultural and political as well as personal. We have been through the issue before, over black poetry for a while. The furor seems to have died down, things settling where they will, the audience being whomever the audience is. Some white people can respond to black poetry; others can't. Some black poets are accessible across the board and others speak directly to a black audience; anyone choosing to eavesdrop may do so. Good poetry cannot possibly be parochial ("autobiography," says Jane Cooper, cannot "even stay on the page") but the question is really about the listener, not the maker of the poems. What are people prepared to hear? To understand? To come out with it: can men relate to what women are writing? Does it have any meaning for them?

Rich read her poems in New York City last spring. It was a gathering of the clan, in a sense—most women poets in the city were there. Still, the hall was full of a good chunk of the "general public." Rich began by saying no previous reading had ever felt like this one. She read her new work. When she was done, the man to my left had buried himself in a book he carried. He reeked hostility, avoidance and incapacity to hear. A few rows down, a man was weeping.

Later, I was a guest lecturer at a college in New Jersey. I had spent the year traveling to schools and talking about women poets. In New Jersey, one young woman's face stood out. As I read the work of women poets, past and present, this student was shining. I could see on her face the inner thought: I understand; I recognize what this is about; me too. Afterward, she asked me, tentatively, if I thought it would all last. "Will these women still be known twenty years from now or will they disappear, as women have done before?"

"That depends," I said, "on us." ●

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# RUNNING: THE NEW HIGH

### By N.R. Kleinfield

**"It's better than drugs, better than alcohol. Sometimes, I swear, it's better than sex"**

People are running. This much is known for certain. Down roadways. Through parks. Across bridges. Here, there, before and after work, tens of thousands of individuals are throwing on track suits and running shoes and taking to the roads or country. Some are out training for weekend long-distance races, but most are out there not to train but for the sheer fun of it. They extoll its Thoreauvian virtues, its calm. They talk of becoming honeyed by the breezes, the landscape, the smell of mown clover. People are running and getting off on it. Running—point of points—is the newest and, for many, the greatest high of all.

On a recent morning, a warm day under clear, deep-blue skies, I ventured into New York's Central Park. Tree colors were beginning to turn. Birds wheeled overhead. Before too long, a pack of six runners pounded past. One of them looked no more than ten. One of them had on a T-shirt that read: "LET'S HAVE AN AFFAIR." They were chugging and puffing, but there were broad grins on their faces. As they whirred by, I inquired about their liveliness. From the runners came a chorus of comment:

"Running is where it's happening. Running is getting to know yourself. It's better than drugs, better than alcohol. Sometimes, I swear it's better than sex."

"It indulges your aesthetic sense."

"It refreshes the soul."

Running has often been depicted as the final bastion of the work ethic, a daft indulgence made up of miles of suffering. Runners think different. They are finding contemplation, identity and happiness in those long, solitary hours on the road. Running, on the one hand, sensitizes the runner to the country he crosses. What better way to know the land, to feel a part of it, than to run across it daily? Running induces an awareness of the land's rhythms. More than this, however, runners find running a mental release. It summons a special presentness, that particular time-sense in which faculties conspire to raise the spirit. Runners suggest that worrying and running are impossible to do at the same time. How can it matter that problems dangle unsolved at the office when you are running through the grass, alone, contented?

I paid a visit to a store in mid-town Manhattan called Runner's World. It sells almost nothing but supplies for runners, its display windows brimming with unfilled Adidas and Pumas. On a wall inside, over a bench occupied by customers wiggling in and out of shoes was a pastiche of newspaper and magazine clippings of marathons and other running contests. Dangling on the opposite wall were jogging outfits in bright colors. A big woman, genial and easygoing, though somewhat beyond athletic weight, barreled in. She was looking for new shoes. She seemed to need canoes. I asked her interest in running.

"For one thing, I want to get rid of this," she said, and pounded her stomach. "For another, everyone I know has taken up running. The only way I can see them is to run. But, I'll tell you, there's something to this. I go out there and my subconscious takes over and my mind seems to be in the clouds. It's a tremendously peaceful, refreshing feeling. You have a sensation of specialness. I almost want to spread my arms and fly."

A dour, thewy man was standing nearby, fingering the track shorts, as if deciding on a silk suit going for seven hundred dollars. The man had beavery sideburns and a billowing mustache, and looked like he ought to be out panning for gold. I asked him about why he ran.

"I'm a stock broker," he said. "It's aggravating work. Makes you sick to your stomach sometimes. I used to come home and my mind was spinning. I felt like putting the cat in the oven or something. Stocks would be spinning through my head. I started running. I swear, I forget about work. It's like I went through shock treatments or something. I'm relaxed, full of energy, talkative. I don't give a goddamn about the Dow Jones average."

By now, of course, it has been laboriously documented that running promotes good health. It brings on the growth of additional blood vessels encircling the heart; if cholesterol and other fatty deposits begin to clog the arteries, this provides an alternate route of blood to the heart muscles. Arteries are also enlarged. A well-conditioned heart supplies the body with more blood and consequently more oxygen with less effort. A runner's heart tends to beat slower: 40 or 50 or 60 beats a minute (normal is 68-72 beats), so that the heart muscle has more time to recover before the next contraction. Running, put simply, keeps heart disease at bay. Dr. Thomas Bassler of the American Medical Joggers Association baldly states that only by running an hour a day six days a week can you become immune to coronary disease. Eight years ago, the National Jogging Association was founded, dedicated to the proposition that Americans are not as healthy as they easily could be. It said this: The government today can't do much about health; but exercise can do a lot. Already, 15,000 members belong, paying $15 to join. They receive a newspaper filled with tips about the nuances of jogging and pep talks about how good it is for you.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JEAN-CLAUDE LEJEUNE/BLACK STAR

"The third wind puts you in a different world, a kingdom if you will."

The big thing being bruited about today, however, seems to be the euphoria of running, the almost transcendental high, the cathartic sensation. All this is not perfectly understood (nor positively defined), but runners seem unanimous in their experience of it in one form or another.

Dr. George Sheehan is a 57-year-old Red Bank, N.J., cardiologist. Entering his middle years, he had a chronically depressed outlook on life that was being pushed to its outer limits. Then came running. He describes what happened poetically: "It all came about when I was about 45. I was following a pre-ordained life. Very dull, stultifying. I was seriously considering becoming a real estate agent or something interesting like that. I'd completely blown my mind. I'd fall asleep in front of the TV, get bombed out on the weekend. I was developing fat in my body, fat in my brain and fat in my soul. Then I started running. Now, I'm more interested in things. It's changed my point of view. I'm more alive. Life has become a really great day-to-day enjoyment, a puzzle. I find myself trying to live every day, as it's said, as if it were my last. Before I wasn't playing. I wasn't having any fun. Life has become a fantastic game."

Sheehan continues: "Fitness has been the reason people have gotten interested initially in running, and to live longer. I don't care about fitness. The physical benefits, to me, are like a bonus. Something like a check you get from a Christmas Club. They're terrific, but it's the sheer pleasure of running that's my motivation. Sometimes I think the reason you don't drop dead running is that you don't give a damn if you do."

At the heart of running, according to Dr. Sheehan, are two curious stages—one physical, one psychological. Six to ten minutes into a run, he maintains, a runner passes through a physiological state that he and others have referred to as "second wind." Body functions more or less shift into overdrive, blood being shunted from areas where it's not needed and into the muscles. Running becomes a good deal easier. Usually, this second wind is signaled by a light sweat.

The more interesting, though less communicable, state comes following at least a half-hour of steady running. At this juncture, Dr. Sheehan says, there arrives a "third wind" during which there is some sort of opening up of the functions of the right side of the brain—a sudden release of creative energies and fantasies, a play-like state. "I think it's akin to some of the mystical states, like meditation or Zen," Dr. Sheehan told me. "What I find is that for the creative thinker—which is what I basically am—you begin to see analogies between things that are incongruous, which I think is the essence of creativity. You get ideas that you don't get driving a car or sitting at the desk. Erich Segal said he wrote the first chapter of *Love Story* while on the road. Not many people may think that's much, but that may be the best he can do. I think you're the best you can be out there during this third wind. It doesn't always happen, and when it doesn't running can be a drag. You may end up with just a grocery list, but you also may start thinking about a problem that has been bothering you and it becomes clearer to you. The third wind sort of puts you in a different world, a kingdom if you will."

Can there be any physiological base for third wind? Only speculation exists. Some recent scientific research in this country has indicated that there is a recycling, or metabolising, stage of neural transmitters in the brains of mammals. During this recycling, the research shows, there is a point when morphine derivatives are produced, the kind of things which would produce a high. Vince Chiappetta, New York biologist and runner, speculates that this may provide a physiological explanation for the euphoria runners attest to. It is possible, he suggests, that while jogging a runner increases this recycling process and thus produces a more than normal amount of these morphine derivatives—thereby bringing on a high. "It's pure speculation at this point," Chiappetta says, "but it surely seems like there could be a connection."

Whether that's the case or not, running is beginning to find application as a tool to fight psychological disorders. Here, the spadework is being done by Dr. Thaddeus Kostrubala. He is an impatient advocate of the therapeutic potentialities of running. Director of psychiatry at Mercy Hospital and Medical Center in San Diego, he recently published a book entitled, *The Joy of Running*. In it, he chronicles his own discovery of running and the profound effects it had on his head. Here is how he relates one early running experience:

"I had been running for 45 minutes. I looked up and saw a seagull. It's absurd, isn't it? A seagull in San Diego, where there are so many of them. But what happened was a moment of aesthetic arrest. I didn't 'see' that seagull. I had a glad, flying, delightful, deep inner penetration of my mind and soul that was triggered off by that seagull. I was astonished. It was all the grace of its flying, all the dreams of air and freedom and beauty of all the seagulls I've ever seen rolled into one tightly compacted vision. The experience is still with me. I had found something beautiful within myself. I have had considerable difficulty in describing this phenomenon, as it does not exactly accord with any of the other altered states of consciousness of current interest such as occur in meditation, drugs, biofeedback and so on. It is clearly peculiar to running and specifically occurs only after 40 minutes of running. . . . It happens suddenly. It's as if a trapdoor had sprung into some secret treasure trove hiding within us."

Here, again, is George Sheehan's third wind, and Dr. Kostrubala is saying that it's even better than meditation, even better than drugs. You just put on your shoes and go run.

Finding more and more experiences like this happening to himself, Dr. Kostrubala wondered: Why not have patients run? Why not involve them in a sort of running therapy? Skepticism from patients pervaded at first. Running was for idiots, that sort of thing. Slowly, acceptance came. Three times a week, an hour at a time, he began to jog with patients, both in groups and alone. They became more open. Talkative. So did he. "Running began to open up a route to the subconscious that is very critical to a therapist," he told me. "Patients began to ventilate much better than they ever had before."

Doing this now since March 1973, Dr. Kostrubala has used running therapy on some 50 patients. None had run before. He has excluded physically unable patients, and he has excluded people who received electroshock treatments, finding that it could be detrimental for them to handle powerful emotional experiences. He is able to rattle off long lists of success stories.

A 50-year-old man came to see Dr. Kostrubala. Depressed. Highly respected in his community, but an excessive drinker. Frequently seriously drunk and belligerent. His father had drunk heavily. He himself began drinking in his late teens. There were marital problems. His wife had had an affair. He was insecure. He developed impotence and a fear that he might be a homosexual. From his viewpoint, he had little to live for. He began to run. Slowly, his behavior patterns began to change. His drinking tapered off. His impotence was no longer absolute. Finally, he completed a marathon, and he made further adjustments, cutting his drinking, cutting his work schedule so he could run more often. His depression lifted.

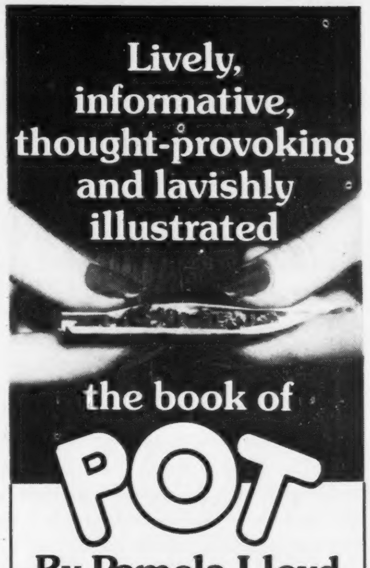
A 33-year-old woman came in complaining about her marriage. Although separated, she wished a reconciliation. Her husband was prone to temper tantrums, and would hurl verbal abuse at her and treat her like a child. In therapy, it came out that she was reared with the concept of the wife being the passive partner, hence she was totally dependent on her husband. She feared losing him. She began to run. Her self-confidence rose. Her passivity with her husband shaded off; she stood up to him and fought back. The marital imbalance corrected itself.

There was the case of a 10-year-old hyperactive child. A real troublemaker at school. Poor grades. Needed to be given medication. He began to run. No more hyperactivity. Medication was withdrawn. Top-notch grades.

"This therapy is filled with these almost evangelistic stories," Dr. Kostrubala told me. "The real key to this thing is that running penetrates the subconscious and reveals new insights into one's personality." He has found that almost every sort of psychological problem can be relieved through running—and more quickly and more dramatically than through conventional therapy. "It seems as if the sputtering low-grade depression kind of problem is best handled this way," Dr. Kostrubala says. "The garden type of depression. Running seems to have very quick effect in lifting spirits."

Even changes in sexual responses have been coupled to running. A number of men have agreed that the quantity of sexual activity is increased by running. In fact, some doctors report that cases of impotence have been cured by slow long-distance running.

In taking up running, people are discovering an experience not like anything else they've known, and as with other things we crave, they are finding it difficult to give up. Runners laid up with flu or injury go on about withdrawal symptoms in much the same manner as junkies or alcoholics. Dr. William Glasser of the Institute for Reality Therapy in Los Angeles has developed the concept that a person can become addicted to positive behavior—running, meditating,


Lively, informative, thought-provoking and lavishly illustrated
the book of
POT

**By Pamela Lloyd**
Executive Editor
of *High Times* magazine

Legal weed is on the way. Soon there'll be no more late night knocks on the door or curious stares from uninitiated friends. Many states have already decriminalized possession and use of marijuana, and total legalization isn't far behind.

Everyone wants to know where it's at! There's been lots of *mis*-information floating around, but now here's a book that tells you what pot's all about.

Pamela Lloyd, Executive Editor of *High Times* magazine (the pot smoker's *vade mecum*), knows grass from the inside out, and in THE BOOK OF POT she tells you everything: the history of marijuana, its chemistry, its effects—physical *and* psychological—what an experienced user looks for in buying pot (appearance, texture, bouquet and taste)—how to clean it, how to smoke it, how to roll a good, long-smoking joint—pot-smoking etiquette, pot paraphernalia, how to cook it, how to grow it, and much more.

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chanting—in the same manner as he can become addicted to negative behavior. He has dubbed this concept "positive addiction."

Employing a questionnaire, Glasser discovered from hundreds of runners that the vast majority suffered if they missed a run, and they were unanimous in their evaluation that they always enjoyed a run. When they related their discomfort at missing a session, what they described was markedly similar to classic withdrawal symptoms of a negative addiction. Apathy. Constipation. Depression. Guilt feelings. Sluggishness. Weight loss due to lack of appetite. Insomnia. Headache. Stomachache.

In his new book, *Positive Addiction*, Dr. Glasser writes, "I believe that running creates the optimal condition for PA [positive addiction] because it is our most ancient and still most effective survival mechanism. We are descended from those who ran to stay alive, and this need to run is programmed genetically into our brains. When we have gained the endurance to run long distances easily, then a good run reactivates the ancient neural program. As this occurs, we reach a state of mental preparedness that leads to a basic feeling of satisfaction *that is less self-critical than any other activity that we can do alone*."

Later in the book, Glasser quotes one runner on his attempt to shake off the withdrawal symptoms of missing a run: "There is nothing that will relieve the agony of not running. Walking, biking, swimming and sex are pleasant enough. I have speculated that one or two of them might be a substitute if I permanently ruptured a tendon, but walking, biking, or swimming are to running as masturbation is to making love, a bit better than abstinence."

Glasser further suggests that running, as a positive addiction, can go so far as to cure people of negative addictions. He chronicles the case of a hopeless alcoholic: while he had, with great difficulty, given up the bottle prior to taking up running, he found that running completely quashed any desire to drink. Thus the possibility that chronic smokers, drinkers, drug addicts could go a long way toward fighting their addictions through running.

Glasser concludes: "Running, perhaps because it is our most basic solitary survival activity, produces the non-self-critical state more effectively than any other practice. If it were up to me to suggest a positive addiction for anyone no matter what his present state of strength, from the weakest addict to the strongest among us, I would suggest running. . . . if there is no attempt at competition and the runner runs alone in a pleasant natural setting, addiction should occur within a year."

Who knows what else running might do? Richard Driscoll, a psychologist at Eastern State Psychiatric Hospital in Knoxville, Tenn., thinks it might improve grades in school. He recently released a study on students who suffer from stress and anxiety problems. In effect, they were afraid of tests. For a period of a term, he divided students into five groups: students who were to jog in place; students who wouldn't jog but were to imagine pleasant thoughts; students who were to jog and imagine pleasant thoughts; students who were to receive ordinary anxiety treatment; students who were to continue worrying.

At the end of the term, he found that the group which demonstrated the greatest improvement in coping with stress, as well as the greatest improvement in grade point average, was that composed of jogging students who imagined enjoyable thoughts. He concluded that running may be the best method of dealing with anxiety. He recommended that, before an exam, students might do well to take a lap around the block and think of other things.

Another sign of the popularity of running and of the theory of running being good for the head as well as the body is the magazine *Runner's World*, which has more or less become the bible of the so-called fun runner, as compared to the hard-core competitor. Since its inception 11 years ago, the magazine has pushed the mental benefits of running, while watching the circulation rapidly climb. It stood at only 2,000 in 1970, zoomed to 35,000 last year and is now over 50,000. Joe Henderson, the magazine's editor, figures that something on the order of two or three million people in the country regularly run, though the thrust of his magazine has always been to reach the average runner.

"Up till now, very few people have taken up running out of psychological motivations," Henderson told me. "Mostly, people have run out of fear of heart attacks or out of egotistical reasons, wanting to look better. But in the last six months or so, people have begun to talk about this euphoria and the psychological appeal of running and I think you're going to see a lot more people take up running for these reasons. To my way of thinking, the psychological benefits are much more important than the physical ones. The physical benefits are long-term. The psychological benefits can happen in a half-hour. In a job like mine, doing some writing every day, I find that the run can get me in the right frame of mind for the writing as well as function as a relaxant afterward. I think you're going to see running used more and more as a form of therapy."

Inevitably, running is providing therapy in another, and more typically American, sense: consumption. In spite of the fact that running requires virtually no gear, devotees are finding ways to indulge themselves with ever more sophisticated props and aids.

Witness advertisements for the New Balance 205s: "The 205 is made of tough, lightweight pigskin with a one-piece, molded Kraton sole which serves as a homogeneous shock absorber during impact. The reverse-waves on the sole absorb shock and provide traction; and the rolled heel both stabilizes the foot during heel strike and helps reduce wear."

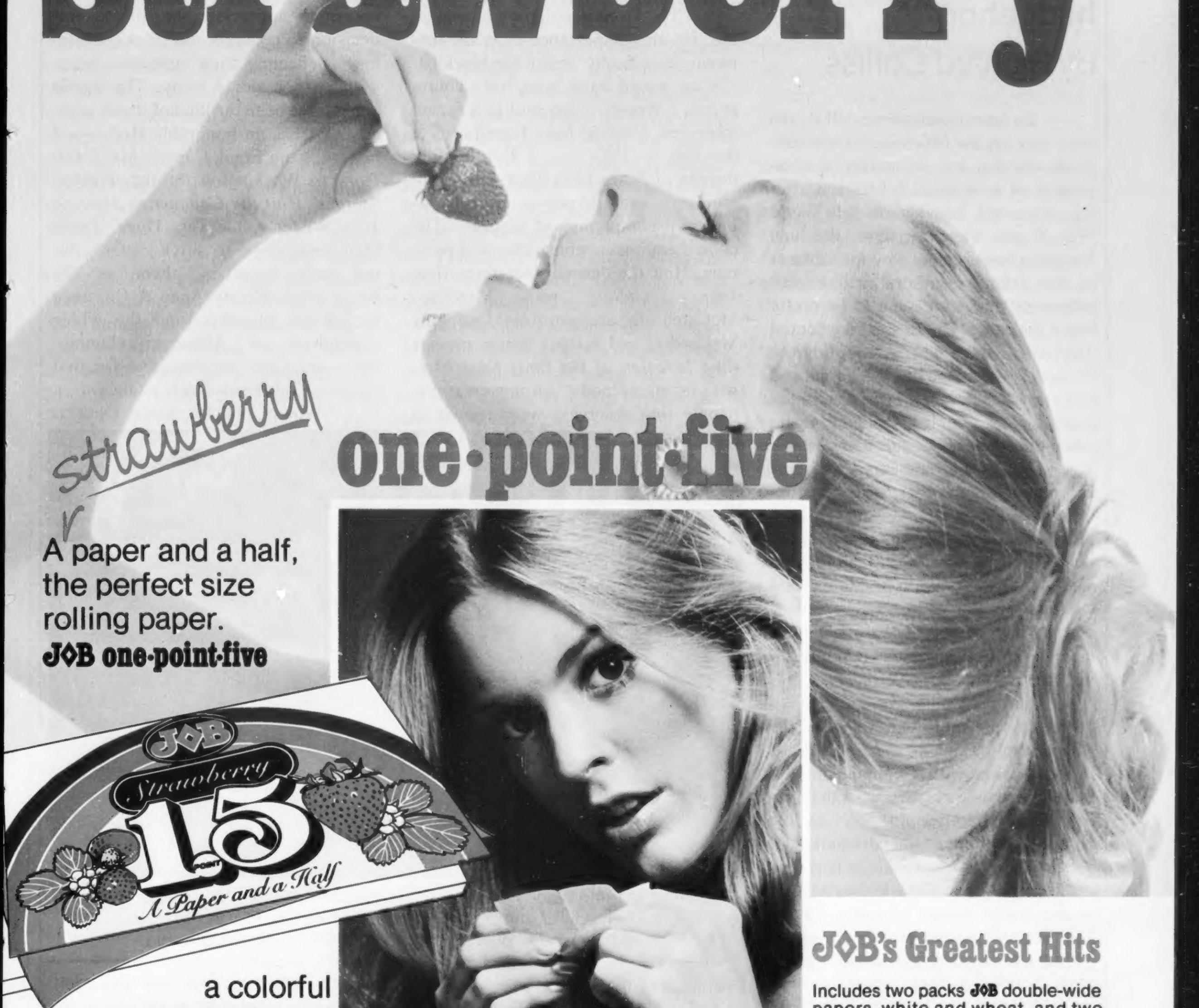
Or the advertisements for the Nike LD-1000: "Sole contains pockets of closed cell synthetic plastic foam to absorb complex kinds of shock. Angular sole flair reduces stress on the anterior tibial muscle by shortening heel lever. And the patented waffle sole flexes to allow natural leg torque, cushions and provides great traction."

Just recently, new drinks have come on the market, designed just for the runner: There is Body Punch, the fluid replacement drink ("Every cup of Body Punch goes a long way toward quenching your thirst and relieving the stress and strain of a hard workout. . . . Drink it before, during and after workouts") and Body Ammo I ("balanced amino acids to help maximize athletic performance") and Body Ammo II ("balanced sugar energy . . . keeps blood sugar high, helping to minimize fatigue"). Finally, there is a spat of new orthopedic exercisers ("Relief in two weeks from shin splints, tendonitis, or money back"), running T-shirts you can design yourself, and an endless number of timers with names like the Microsplit 430 and the Cronus Olympian.

But this is all merely a harmless diversion from the sport itself.

All of these consumer aids are harmless enough, so long as they do not lull anyone into thinking that the high of running can be purchased over the counter. As Dr. Sheehan puts it, "The delights of running don't necessarily come easily. I don't think you can just get a pair of Adidas sneakers and go ten miles and feel you're in a different world. It took me a number of years. But when you do feel it, you find out who you are out on the road." ●

# strawberry



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# Movies

## Twentieth-Century hedgehog

### By Richard Corliss

To hear trendmakers tell it, the seventies are the fifties in a leisure suit. Both decades are commonly seen as periods of post-coital depression after the orgasmic convulsions of World War II and Vietnam. Sure, the hula hoop has been replaced by the vibrator as our definitive cultural artifact, but otherwise things are seen to be pretty much the same. The Left is fragmented and sullen; the Right is co-opting the Center. Disco music has made rock and roll more banal than it ever was, but at least it has couples touching again when they dance. The presidency is being sought by two men trying to out-Eisenhower each other (and the country) into a gentle stupor. And the campaign itself looks to turn upon the political effect of Jimmy Carter's having said "fuck" to Norman Mailer and "screw" to Bob Scheer—the kind of verbal slips an addled Ike might have made after too many hours in the Burning Tree sun.

All this is a libel on the fifties—or at least on what Lillian Hellman calls "Scoundrel Time," the period of preoccupation with Communism that began, for our purposes, with the calling of the "Hollywood Ten" by the House Committee on Un-American Activities in 1947 and more or less ended in 1960, when Otto Preminger announced that Dalton Trumbo, one of The Ten, would receive screen credit for his *Exodus* script. It was one of the most fascinating and tortuous eras in American history—a time of duplicity and cowardice through all shades of the political spectrum—and now the movies have begun to examine their own entrails to seek portents, and maybe to see just who had guts. Woody Allen is starring in **The Front**, a comedy-drama about the entertainment blacklist of suspected Communists; the film's author (Walter Bernstein) and its director (Martin Ritt) were both blacklist victims in the fifties. And David Helperin Jr.'s engrossing documentary, **Hollywood on Trial**, provides a helpful overview of the hysteria HUAC helped arouse against a craven industry and some of its more wily Leftists.

*The Front* is amiable and negligible. Its only importance is as the first movie specifically about the blacklist. "What would have been truly courageous," Woody Allen said in a recent interview, "would have been to make the film in 1953. . . ." But literally dozens of fifties films dealt with Communism and hyper-Americanism—under pseudonyms, of course. The code themes were conspiracy and paranoia. Half the decade's westerns (like *Johnny Guitar*, with Mercedes McCambridge as a gun-totin' Josephine McCarthy) and science fiction movies (like *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*, with its alien "pods" turning everyday people into zombies) were rooted in metaphors of the Good Man deserted by his weak friends in the face of an unnamed conspiracy. But Hollywood, as ever working both sides of the ideological street, wanted it both ways. And viewers got it both ways. Gary Cooper in *High Noon* could be taken either as the lonely anti-Communist fighting both the Red Menace and the apathy of the uncommitted, or as the stubborn progressive in a nest of militant witch-hunters.

*The Front* wants it both ways too. While it's honest enough to show the blacklisted writers as Communists (of interestingly and amusingly varied stripes), it fudges the complicity question by making the hero an apolitical innocent. I appreciate the filmmakers' decision to confront the blacklist sidelong, deflecting their righteous anger with an occasional irony. The movie could have been the kind of thesis comedy that has an honorable Hollywood history, from Frank Capra's *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington* through Preston Sturges' *Hail the Conquering Hero* to Billy Wilder's *One Two Three*. These films humanized sensitive issues without quite trivializing them, as *The Front* does. Woody Allen & Co. have turned the blacklist—and the whole conundrum of American Communism—into just another item for that rummage sale known as Nostalgia.

*The Front*, starring Woody Allen, Herschel Bernardi, Andrea Marcovicci and Zero Mostel, is a comedy-drama about the entertainment blacklist in the fifties, which reduces the whole conundrum of McCarthyism to Nostalgia.

Woody plays a Silent Generation version of his patented schlemiel, who agrees to "front" for a few blacklisted TV dramatists—to provide a name and body which can be attached to the scripts they write. The film follows the course of his "education" from a trader on other men's talents to a courageous defier of HUAC. Along the way he meets a TV comic (Zero Mostel) who, threatened with being blacklisted, agrees to infiltrate Woody's life to discover if he's a closet subversive; the comic realizes the error of his ways, and commits suicide. Mostel's presence in *The Front* is appropriate, for he was one of HUAC's star witnesses in 1955.

Mostel's testimony began with the comic trying to win over his audience of congressmen with jokes. He said he was named Zero "after my standing in the financial community"; that he had been "signed to a contract with 20th Century-Fox—or is it the 18th Century-Fox?"; when told his name on an ad for a May Day rally was underlined in red, he replied, "I wish it were a blue line." But Mostel made a serious tactical mistake in responding to questions about his membership in the Communist Party: he took the Fifth Amendment when asked about his connection with various Left-wing organizations, but answered "no" when asked if he was "now" a Party member. The Committee had him beat. Were you a member three months ago? Two months ago? Yesterday? "When you entered this hearing room?" Mostel couldn't help implying that he had left the Party after being subpoenaed by the Committee—and that he was citing the Fifth Amendment only to avoid revealing his Party membership. Which is exactly what the Committee had been telling the American people about witnesses' use of the Fifth.

The record of HUAC hearings (collected by Eric Bentley in *Thirty Years of Treason*) is spellbinding. The Committee's ostensible function—to investigate domestic subversion in order to propose remedial legislation—was never carried out, but that hardly mattered to its members. They weren't interested in legislation—what they wanted was theater. And the parade of witnesses from Hollywood, Broadway and Academe gave them theater of the absurd: tragedy and farce in a surreal blend, but with real corpses strewn on the stage. This was, after all, the period when the Cincinnati Reds changed their names to the Redlegs (did the team ever consider calling itself the Cincinnati Red-White-and-Blues?). It was a time when Monogram Pictures canceled its projected biopic of Hiawatha, for fear the movie "might be regarded as Communist propaganda." As the *New York Times* reported, "Hiawatha's efforts as a peacemaker among the warring Indian tribes of his day . . . might cause the picture to be regarded as a message for peace and therefore helpful to present Communist designs."

In an atmosphere of national hysteria, the Committee could exploit its witnesses—and sometimes be exploited by them—with horrifying or poignant results. Actor Larry Parks, when ordered to "name names," pleaded with the Committee: "Don't present me with the choice of either being in contempt of this Committee and going to jail or forcing me to really crawl through the mud to be an informer. . . . I beg of you not to force me to do this." They forced, he informed. Sterling Hayden had fewer qualms about naming names. But a decade later, he wrote of wanting to tell his analyst, who had advised the actor to inform: "If it hadn't been for you, I wouldn't have turned into a stoolie for J. Edgar Hoover. I don't think you have the foggiest notion of the contempt I have had for myself since the day I did that thing. . . . Fuck it! And fuck you too." But the Damoclean sword could cut both ways. Eric Bentley recalls one non-Communist, called to testify before the Committee, who was "actually blackmailed into invoking the Fifth Amendment by his Communist 'friends,' the threat being that if he didn't do it, they would report his attendance at such-and-such 'Communist-front' meetings." As Dalton Trumbo later said (and had ample reason to know): "It will do no good to search for villains or heroes or saints or devils because there were none; there were only victims."

*Hollywood on Trial* takes Trumbo and the other members of The Ten pretty much at their word. And why not? Communists or not, their political beliefs were their business. The Committee treated them shamefully, with an arrogant hostility that The Ten could never quite match. To protect their beliefs, The Ten lost their jobs and went to jail. And many more came to grief. I know a very good and sweet man, Howard Koch (he wrote *Casablanca*), who, though not named by a single one of the Committee's 72 informers, was blacklisted and forced to leave the country to find work. Howard's big mistake was to write the script for *Mission to Moscow*, a passionate, criminally naive paean to Stalin's Russia. In 1943, when the film was released, Russia was our ally, yet Howard should have known things would change. Maybe some HUAC of the future will cite John Wayne with contempt for his own hymn to a later allied war effort, *The Green Berets*.

In the fifties, everything was complicated—and a little crazy. The man who would win the presidency in 1968 made his early reputation as one of HUAC's fieriest; and the man who would be his opponent sponsored a section of the McCarran Internal Security Act providing for emergency detention camps for political dissidents. In 1964 Barry Goldwater was called a dangerous warmonger for raising the possibility of dropping low-yield nuclear weapons on North Vietnam. Fifteen years earlier, a similar suggestion—for atom bombing *Moscow*—was made by . . . Bertrand Russell! The advent of the Nuclear Age coincided with the Soviet Union's assertion of its territorial imperative. Americans, recently victorious in a hot war, were now enmeshed in a cold war of perplexing proportions. Our ally was now our enemy. And the organized supporters of that ally—the Communist Party of the U.S.A.—were seen as spies in the parlor.

As Bentley notes in his afterword to *Thirty Years of Treason*: "The commitment [of the CPUSA] to Russia had two distinct features: it was a commitment to a foreign power and it was a promise of unquestioning obedience . . . [and] the combination of both with a tactic of secrecy was fatal." In the decade before the Cold War, this commitment had led American Communists to defend (as *Mission to Moscow* does) the Moscow trials, the Hitler-Stalin pact, the annexation of Finland, the slave-labor camps. Now, in 1947, it meant that the Hollywood Ten must use the First Amendment as a shield for their past or current membership. Screenwriter John Howard Lawson might shout at the Committee: "I will offer my beliefs, my affiliations and everything else to the American public, and they will know where I stand." But he never did offer them. Not one of The Ten stepped outside the hearing room to say: "The Committee has no right to order me to reveal my beliefs to them, but to you, the American public, I say I have nothing to hide. I'm a Communist—or I was—and proud of it." This is a nice point that *Hollywood on Trial* never addresses.

But for all their solidarity in refusing to answer what one HUAC chairman called "the $64 question"—"Are you nowor have you ever been a member of the Communist Party?"—The Tenwere not necessarily as one. In 1945 (according to some HUAC testimony that I, for one, find believable), producer Adrian Scott and director Edward Dmytryk found that a script for their film *Cornered* was loaded down with party-line rhetoric. They fired the screenwriter and hired another, who turned in a script that Scott and Dmytryk found much superior. But some Party members (including John Howard Lawson, the so-called "high lama" of the Hollywood CPUSA), charged that the new script would turn an anti-Nazi movie into a pro-Nazi one. A series of meetings with other Party members ensued. At one meeting, Albert Maltz defended freedom of thought and artistic expression within the Party structure. Shortly thereafter, Maltz published an article on the subject in *New Masses*, and was called to "testify" at a meeting that was really an inquisition. In *Part of Our Time*, Murray Kempton evokes the tone of the "trial": Herbert Biberman, 'his every accent dripping with hatred'; Alvah Bessie 'morosely clawing' at Lester Cole, Dalton Trumbo 'ripping at' Cole and Cole 'tearing at' Lawson." The eight Communists mentioned here were part of the Hollywood Ten. In Kempton's words, "They were walking toward a common grave, hating one another."

Maybe Lawson and his cellmates were taking orders directly from Joseph Stalin, maybe not. But the Chairman of all the Soviets certainly dictated U.S. foreign policy—and crucially influenced the course of domestic events—during a decade when every American politican and artist was challenged to declare which side he was on. And this was the tragic dilemma of the period: you were either a "dedicated" anti-Communist or you were, at the very least, a Red dupe; you were either a defender of the First Amendment (and, by extension, of the right of CPUSA members to misuse it for their own ends) or you were a traitor to the "progressive" cause. *Hollywood on Trial* shows Walt Disney, one of the Committee's "friendly" witnesses, expressing, a little too belligerently, the resentment of the non-Communist Left: "I feel that they [the American Communists] really ought to be smoked out and shown for what they are, so that all the good, free causes in this country—all the liberalisms that really are American—can go out without this taint of Communism."

The true liberal, of course, would say that the Bill of Rights protects Communists and—well, yes—even Fascists, as long as these groups don't turn from the pen to the sword, and put their beliefs into violent action. But it was damned hard to be a liberal in the fifties, as the rabidly anti-Communist record of so many fifties liberals proves. With the conviction for perjury in 1948 of former State Department official Alger Hiss (and what a perfect expression of liberal hopes and fears the name Alger Hiss was), the liberal policies and policy-makers of the Roosevelt years were put on symbolic trial as well. No wonder so many liberals moved to cover their right flank—as Hubert Humphrey did by proposing detention camps only a few months after Hiss' conviction.

"The fox knows many things," goes an old saying, "but the hedgehog knows one big thing." The fifties was the age of the hedgehog, and the Big Thing was Communism—for or against, and with a vengeance. Wanted: a Savonarola with a five-o'clock shadow. And we got him in the person of the junior Senator from Wisconsin. Joe McCarthy, at least, was an easy-to-spot villain. But the rest of the cast isn't so easy to caricature. The drama was of a complexity that demands a Marcel Ophuls to do it justice. Ophuls' documentaries, *The Sorrow and the Pity* and *The Memory of Justice*, reveal his subjects' contradictions and ambiguities. *Hollywood on Trial*—for all the information it presents so concisely—is hedgehog history. The fifties, and the seventies, deserve better.

**Dissolution**

America in the fifties was chaos; Victorian England was all order—a moral universe as enclosed as Tolkien's or de Sade's. Indeed, it was this order, and the assumptions of class characteristics and a Puritanical sexual code, that allowed Sherlock Holmes to make his amazing (but really quite elementary) deductions from the paltry evidence of a cigarette ash or the imprint of a lady's boot. In his Holmes parody *The Seven-Per-Cent Solution*, Nicholas Meyer turned the Victorian sense of order upside down. His Holmes is a paranoid junkie who is cured of his cocaine addiction by Sigmund Freud and goes on to solve his most demanding case.

Well, his most strenuous case, then. The solution comes not from the workings of Holmes' superior intellect but from his way with an axe (making kindling out of a caboose for a train chase sequence) and with a sword (outfencing the villainous Baron Von Leinsdorf). "Bright makes right" could have been Holmes' motto; "Right makes might" is Meyer's. His book—and the movie Herbert Ross has made from it—can't approach the pithy wit of Conan Doyle's prose, or the pea-soup immediacy of a time and place Conan Doyle indelibly inscribed in our minds. As Holmes, Nicol Williamson is defeated by the script's insistence on the detective (for half the film) as a pitiful, helpless giant; Vanessa Redgrave and Laurence Olivier are wasted in small parts. Only Alan Arkin, as Freud, is able to create an engaging and credible screen character. The movie is about 7% Doyle and 93% dull. Better you should watch kinescopes of the Army-McCarthy hearings.

# Music

## The Band has never sounded better

### By Robert Palmer

The Club 70, a big, squat, barnlike structure that sat beside the two-lane blacktop between Little Rock and Jacksonville, Arkansas, was a rough, volatile drinking and dancing joint where the Jimmy Lees and Billy Bobs of the early sixties congregated. During football season, the Northern slum kids who were stationed at the Jacksonville Air Force base and the local Billy Bobs inevitably came to blows, usually because some stewed Yankee answered the Arkansas Razorbacks' war cry—"Soooieeee PIGS!"—with an exuberantly disdainful "Soooieee PIGSHIT!"

I was a teenage rock and roll saxophonist at the time, and I can remember feeling apprehensive on evenings when I came to work at the club and passed the bouncer, who sat under a blue light blub checking I.D.'s. But the action I saw inside the Club 70 was nothing compared to the reception the locals routinely accorded the Hawks, Ronnie Hawkins' barnstorming rockabilly musicians who eventually went out on their own, linked up with Bob Dylan, and became The Band. When the Hawks played the Club 70, or the brawling, potentially murderous dances at the National Guard Armory on the wrong side of Little Rock, the crazier Billy Bobs, the ones who drove tractor trailers and popped pills and chug-a-lugged quarts of rotgut whisky, with quarts of beer for chasers, would be out in force. Local legend had it that the Hawks, who were still teenagers themselves, pill-popped and gang-banged with the craziest of the crazy, and they were accorded a discreet respect that bordered on awe. Local rock bands paid homage by copying the Hawks' arrangements verbatim; I can remember sweating through a rehearsal in a Little Rock garage, trying to learn the harmonic turnaround they were using on the Bobby Bland tune "Turn On Your Love Light."

Up from the Club 70: left to right, Helm, Hudson, Robertson, Danko and Manuel.

Last month I finally compared notes on those days with Robbie Robertson, The Band's guitarist, songwriter, producer and spokesman. "You were there, huh?" he said, seeming surprised and pleased. He remembered the Club 70. "But we played in places that were rougher," he added. "Our headquarters in eastern Arkansas was a joint called the Delta Supper Club, in West Helena. That's the place where the chain saw story must have originated." The what? "You know, where there's a big fight and this guy goes out to his truck and gets his chain saw and just destroys the place, saws the bar in half? Well, it actually happened in this place. You heard the story a lot, but at the Delta Supper Club they actually showed you the place where they glued the bar back together."

When the Hawks returned to the mid-South with Bob Dylan in 1966, a few of the old rockers made it up from Arkansas to hear them play in Memphis. Robbie, drummer Levon Helm, bassist Rick Danko and the keyboard team of Garth Hudson and Richard Manuel looked the same, in their plaid shirts and jeans, and their music still had that raw rockabilly edge, but they had matured. Each musical statement seemed to have been weighed and examined beforehand, and Robertson's guitar work had been honed to a cutting edge. A few observers noticed that Dylan was pantomiming some of those violent, wrenching solos while Robbie, who was actually playing them, stood stock still, unnoticed in the background. Perhaps this was a harbinger of his and The Band's increasing introversion of the retreat from the public eye following Dylan's motorcycle accident which was to lead to their masterworks, *Music From Big Pink*, *The Band* and the uneven but occasionally exhilarating *Basement Tapes*.

In any event, out of the group's Woodstock retreat came a sheaf of songs, most of them Robbie's, which seemed to capture the whole sweep and drama and bloody passion of America's growth and betrayal, the rich anarchy of its landscape and the mistaken rootlessness of its young. Those songs—"The Weight," "The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down," "King Harvest (Has Surely Come)" and the rest—shaped the expectations of a generation, but they also summed up all the wildness and wisdom of The Band's lengthy career when, as far as the world knew, it was just beginning.

There have been remarkably resonant high points since then—there are high points whenever The Band performs—but the sheer imposing *importance* of those songs is inescapable. They are still the cornerstones of The Band's concert repertoire, and now they are the core songs around which the more lightweight items on *The Best of the Band* (Capitol ST-11553) are clustered. And although the group has progressed musically—the complex horn and keyboard textures and harmonic richness of the most recent studio album, *Northern Lights—Southern Cross*, evince admirable sophistication and growth—there is the nagging suspicion that the group's audience expects more profundity, more vision, more songs that really matter.

Robertson is adamant in his refusal to accede to these expectations. "I don't know about any of that," he practically snapped. "I don't know if it's my job to be the Faulkner of rock and roll. I do know that I get tired of all these things the press says about us, and that we didn't have anything to do with any of that. No, I can't acknowledge any of it. I did those songs on *The Band* because I couldn't think of anything else to do at the time. I'm not going to sit down and write some more songs, songs about the old South or whatever, to order, just because I'm supposed to. If things come naturally and happen naturally, fine."

But surely, I said, these expectations must affect what you do. "When we played with Bob in New York [on the '74 Dylan tour] it seemed like some people were getting set for the crucifixion," Robertson replied. "If that's where they're coming from, I can't do nothing for 'em. I'm doing what I do as good as I can do it under these circumstances, and what The Band does is play the songs, whether they're happy or sad or about the past or the future, as good as we can."

How good is that? The Band has never sounded better than it sounds on the present tour, which began early in the summer with a few suburban warm-up dates and recently hit a peak with a return to New York City's Palladium, where the live *Rock of Ages* album was recorded. Performing an essentially static repertoire has its drawbacks—and the classic Band songs are all static set pieces whose lopsided rhythms and billowy keyboard arrangements demand to be reproduced exactly—but the group is usually able to inject new life into its evergreens, and the songs are so rich in musical nuance and verbal ambiguity that they're worth hearing again and again. Of the newer pieces, "It Makes No Difference," Rick Danko's vocal feature from *Northern Lights* and perhaps the saddest of Robertson's many sad songs, is particularly gripping in live performance, and on *The Best of the Band* it stands up well.

Robertson was characteristically mysterious regarding details of The Band's future, but he did reveal that three songs have been completed toward a new studio album, which he hopes to finish in time for a January release. Rick Danko recently signed with Arista as a solo artist and will be working on his first album when Band matters are not pressing, and Robertson will probably continue to do outside production work, such as his recent collaboration with Neil Diamond. But he seemed less interested in the future than in the past and present. He talked expansively about The Band's early encounters with Sonny Boy Williamson, the beauty of Arkansas' cotton and rice country, and how much he likes getting out and playing for people.

"Our concerts depend on how comfortable we feel in a particular place," he said. "When we get to a place where we feel that nothing can go wrong, we'll try anything." It's all good fun and good music, "getting out," as he put it, "and making a little bit of noise." The very idea of The Band's greatness seems to exasperate him, but he would be hard put to refute Greil Marcus' characterization of the group he speaks for as "a band with years behind it, and meant to last."

# Records

## By Jim Miller

★★★★ **Let's Stick Together,** *Bryan Ferry* (Atlantic). Rock has always been a music of masks, but few performers have proved so adept as Bryan Ferry at pursuing affectation for its own sake. The mastermind and lead singer in Britain's Roxy Music, Ferry cuts a dashing figure (currently modeled after Clark Gable and Douglas Fairbanks), but as Ferry's image changes and exaggeration of manner insist, it's only make believe, folks.

*Let's Stick Together*, seven oldies and five Ferry originals (four of them culled from Roxy's 1972 debut), is the most satisfying of Ferry's three solo sets, thanks to strong material, economical accompaniment and Ferry's voracious style. He manages to appropriate everything from Lennon-McCartney's "It's Only Love" to the thumping Wilbert Harrison title tune; old Roxy cuts like "Casanova" emerge in authoritative new versions, while the Everly Brothers' "The Price of Love" comes on like a raucous riff composed by Ferry himself.

The key to Ferry's chilly romanticism is irony, although his irony remains ambiguous. At times, he projects a blasé worldliness, at other points an innocent vulnerability; yet on the whole, he sounds like a vaguely catatonic compulsive, as if some poor devil, having accidentally tumbled into a vat of love potion number nine, had yet to escape a state of erotic dementia.

In such ambiguity lies the fascination of Ferry's mask: at a time when striking poses seems about all most performers are capable of, Ferry is our most telling—and challenging—poseur.

★★★ **Bright Size Life,** *Pat Metheny* (ECM). A seamless set of originals (and an Ornette Coleman medley) from a Gary Burton discovery: the most impressive guitar album in some time—with no trace of Mahavishnuisms, praise Krishna.

★★★ **Boston** (Epic). You won't find a better hard rock disc this season; an impressive debut by a group given to harmonies á lâ Raspberries, power guitar á lâ Pete Townshend and lead vocals â lâ Mark Farner.

★ **Feeling Good,** *Walter Jackson* (Chi-Sound). A disappointing inauguration of Carl Davis' new Chicago-based soul label, with one real showstopper aboard: a tearful, stunning remake of Jackson's 1962 R&B hit, "Welcome Home."

# Books

## No net, no net stockings

### By Geoffrey Wolff

**My Second Twenty Years: An Unexpected Life** *by Richard Brickner.* Basic Books (198 pp; $7.95).

Richard Brickner is a novelist and critic now in his early forties, a New Yorker by birth and preoccupation, introspective, the son of two psychiatrists, and crippled. "There is so much of the usual I can do. . . . So much of the usual I cannot do." He uses a wheelchair, but can climb out of it: to get in a taxi, climb certain kinds of stairs, sit in a seat at the opera, join a woman in bed. He cannot much control when or where he urinates, nor can he live in an apartment whose door is too narrow for his chair.

In May of 1953, during his second year at Middlebury College, he was driving a friend's MG along a Vermont road when he mistook the clutch pedal for the brake, slammed the car into a ditch and broke his neck. He very nearly died of lung congestion and infection of the bladder and urinary tracts, common disorders of the paralyzed. But Brickner was not a quadriplegic. He is instead quadriparetic, "weak in all limbs."

ELISABETH JAKAB

Brickner: the classic self-made man.

Of his several parts, none has so focused—and even consumed—his attention as has his penis. This was immediately following the accident his only sensible extremity, and its sensitivity was a matter for much rejoicing, fixing at once some limit to Brickner's disability. But his continuing fascination with its comings and goings, with the old in and out, is a provocation for no such rejoicing in this book. His interim report upon himself is sex-soaked, moist and sticky with lubricities. He has neither the inclination nor the gift for net-stocking tableaux, so he trades instead in such locutions as these: "My eyes must have dripped sperm" (he describes adolescent longing) and, to reconstruct his first and last union with some unfortunate woman, "her ass looked like cottage cheese. She lay down next to me. I touched her cunt. Instead of wettening beneath my fingers, oozing satin moisture, she shot hot juice. I could feel the impact of a spurt, as if she'd had a vaginal ejaculation. No, I said; I don't want this."

Neither, I imagine, would anyone. Yet there is much more of it, a great basting of bodies, a great wash of undelivered sperm. The writing about the stuff is awful, as it usually is, ranging from such gag-makers as the above passage (worthy of the prose-smiths of *Hustler*) to would-be flights to the summits of ecstasy.("I made her glad she hadn't stopped me. In our cave, I kissed her cave. Her cave had never been kissed.")

There are several things to be said about this: that almost no one does it well and that physiology limits variety. George Steiner, writing about pornography, once asked: who could imagine a science fiction of the erotic?

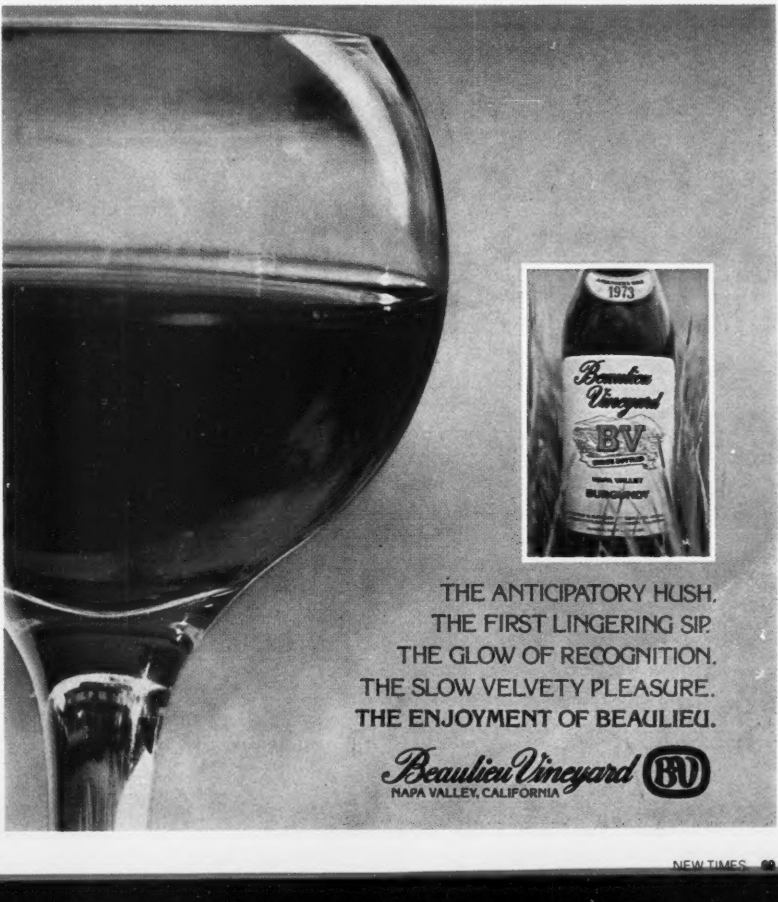
But the sameness, the endless repetitions, the sexual seductions, the sheer mechanical reiteration of these acts, are, Brickner could argue, the point of it all. For the overwhelming fact of his life was that he wanted to come in a woman and could not for many, many years, despite the astonishing willingness of dozens of sympathetic women to help him bring off his ambition. It was not until his first novel appeared in 1962 that he succeeded: "If I had arrived, I did not have to come." And so he came. But he continued in many of his associations with women to be manipulative, unfeeling and utterly unpredictable. It is almost as though Brickner cannot, with the single and singular exception of a married woman, love anyone who loves him.

He advances some causes for his obsession: he recognizes arrested adolescence and a traumatic experience in college with a girlfriend he still in part seems to blame for his accident. But chiefly, he seems to take as given that sex is the most important and determining purpose in our lives. Maybe he is even correct: certainly an imposing body of psychological theory supports him, and he is, after all, the child of two psychiatrists. But what is most fascinating about *My Second Twenty Years* lies elsewhere, in the realm of the quotidian.

Brickner is a sharp and often elegant writer when he turns his attention to his mixed success as a novelist, to his career as an editor at Doubleday (he was sacked), to the consequences of his disability. He records, without a touch of self-pity, the callousness of people toward him as though he could not hear the condescension. At a party "I am, just being there, provocative." Soon after his rehabilitation began, he was blankly instructed by a specialist to become a lens-grinder. Strangers intrude upon him with unsolicited questions of the most personal character, and Brickner, for a while living at home, was able to see his parents' house "as the nice yellow stucco with the tragic young man downstairs."

At his best, Brickner is insightful as well as ironic. He concedes that by his conspicuous success at getting from place to place according to his will, and making his life from his wits, "I was amazing to me." He describes himself at book's end as "the classic 'self-made man,'" and so he is. A man with two lives, one given and snatched away, the other taken by this complicated fellow, a man tetchy, sometimes spoiled, ambitious, talented and aware of his consequence upon others. A man limited in his vision, a man by turns icy and passionate, a man pleased to be on stage at all times, observing people observing him. Have I described a writer? I have indeed.

*My Second Twenty Years* belongs on the shelf with Frank Conroy's wonderful *Stop Time* and Frederick Exley's *A Fan's Notes* and *Pages from a Cold Island*. It is not so artful as any of these three, nor so relaxed in the conjunction of what is funny in a young life and what is not. It is partially crippled by its piling up of awful erotic prose, in relation to the balance of the book as sex itself dominated Brickner's consciousness. But this book is honest and hard-won, frequently moving, and in its treatment of Brickner's father, masterful. It is also—though the observation will not matter to Brickner—always brave, an affirmation of its author's character. "To dine out on your own defeat is more reprehensible than almost anything. It means no one else is supposed to eat." Brickner shares success and invites us all to sup at his table. He appears to relish risk: having lived, as he reports, his first 20 years with a net beneath him, he now lives with no net to catch his fall, nor does he seem to wish his life other than it is.



# KISSINGER

*Continued from page 34*

tial candidates?

Well, Belter said, they were "not told specifically to look for any political-type material" but when you listen for leaks it may involve people in the opposition political party. For example, he told Slocombe, a monitor would definitely be expected to log "a contact with a staunch McGovern supporter."

By the morning of Wednesday, June, 4, 1969, seven wiretaps had been placed at Kissinger's request on telephones in the homes of Morton Halperin, Helmut Sonnenfeldt, Daniel Davidson, Robert Pursley, Richard Sneider, Richard Moose, and Henry Brandon; only the tap on Pursley had been removed.

On that morning the *New York Times* carried another story that disturbed Henry Kissinger. On page one under the by-line of Hedrick Smith of the Washington bureau, the *Times* correctly reported that the first reduction of United States forces in Vietnam would be announced a few days later when Presidents Nixon and Nguyen Van Thieu of South Vietnam met on Midway Island.

At 9:30 A.M. Kissinger was sitting in the office of J. Edgar Hoover at the FBI. There is no question that this meeting took place, only the substance remains somewhat elusive. Kissinger testified before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee in July 1974: "I did express to Mr. Hoover at a June 4 meeting the view that the taps in general should be stopped as soon as possible."

Since the taps were not terminated until one year and eight months later, Kissinger had lamentably little success if this was his purpose in going to Hoover's office. The documentary evidence suggests, however, that aside from any other possible reasons, Kissinger had gone to Hoover's office to ask that a *new* tap be placed—on Hedrick Smith.

In the fine print of the hearings of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee there is a small portion of a memo written by William Sullivan to Deke DeLoach on the day of the meeting: "Today Dr. Kissinger requested tht a telephone surveillance be placed on [deleted] who has been in contact with the individuals on whom we have had telephone coverage in this case." Deleted was clearly Rick Smith of the *New York Times*, because on the same date Hoover sent a memo to John Mitchell: "Dr. Kissinger has requested that a telephone surveillance be placed on Hedrick Smith."

On August 4, 1969, the day after Nixon returned from a global tour, Hoover wrote to Mitchell reporting that Haig had asked for another wiretap: "He requested that a telephone surveillance be placed on William Safire of the White House staff."

As a presidential speech writer, Safire did not have national security responsibilities. But in wiretapping Henry Brandon, the FBI monitors had heard Safire talking to the *Sunday Times* correspondent. An FBI memo said that Safire told Brandon "what would be in a speech by the President." Safire said he doubted the official explanation and said he believed he was wiretapped for a more general reason—"because I was talking to the press."

Later Kissinger told the Senate that he had not personally ordered the tap on Safire and was astonished when he learned about it four years later. General Haig in his testimony to the senators said he, too, did not know how Safire came to be tapped. "I do not have a recollection that I brought the name over there," Haig said.

But the FBI records clearly state that Haig requested the tap. "Al Haig,"

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Safire said, "wouldn't go to the bathroom without first raising his hand and asking Henry Kissinger's permission. And Henry did not always give his permission. The suggestion that Haig asked for this wiretap without the knowledge of Henry Kissinger is patently ridiculous."

Safire said he believed that the reason Kissinger and Haig had so much trouble remembering anything about his wiretap was that "of all the taps, the one that could get Henry in the greatest tourble, because it had no national security rationale, was the one on me."

Safire sometimes talked to the President from his home; and if that happened while the tap was in place, it must have given Ernie Belter's men some excruciatingly nervous moments. Apparently it did happen. In 1974 a joint report on wiretapping by three Senate subcommittees concluded: "The President himself was overheard talking on the telephone to one of the persons tapped."

About the time the tap was removed from Safire's telephone, an interesting pattern was developing within the Nixon administration's subterranean world of wiretaps. In some instances the White House was keeping the taps on even after the tapped officials had left the government. In two of these cases, former Kissinger aides whose home telephones remained tapped went to work for Senator Edmund Muskie, the Maine Democrat who was then emerging as a potential major rival to Nixon in the 1972 presidential campaign. Thus, the Nixon White House gained valuable partisan political intelligence from wiretaps supposedly required to protect the national security.

In late September, Halperin left Kissinger's staff, and soon he became associated with the group of foreign policy advisers forming around Muskie.

Late in December, Hoover wrote to Nixon to report that something interesting had been overheard on the tap of Halperin's home telephone. The FBI Director knew a juicy political tidbit when he heard one; he informed Nixon that Halperin had recently had a conversation with someone, not identified, who told him of receiving a telephone call from Clark Clifford. "Clifford," Hoover deadpanned, "is probably identical with the former Secretary of Defense." (Hoover's literary style somehow suggests either that Clark Clifford was an alias or that he was wanted for some sort of dubious activity, interstate transportation of stolen vehicles, perhaps, or safecracking.) The FBI chief said it was apparent from the conversation with Halperin that Clifford was "sharpening up his attack on Nixon" and worse yet, preparing an article for *Life* magazine that would use potentially embarrassing statements Nixon had made on Vietnam. The statements, Hoover wrote, included Nixon comments "to the effect that President Thieu is one of the five greatest men of our time," and that "Vietnam is one of the finest hours in United States history."

Erlichman was particularly pleased with the political benefits of the "national security" tap on Mort Halperin. In a handwritten note to Haldeman he said: "This is the kind of early warning we need more of. Your game planners are now in an excellent position to map anticipatory action." Haldeman passed the memo along to Magruder with a covering note: "I agree with John's point. Let's get going."

**After a visit from Haig and Kissinger, Sullivan wrote: "Dr. Kissinger read all the logs. He said, 'It is clear that I do not have anybody in my office that I can trust except Col. Haig here' "**

On April 30, 1970, Nixon launched his Cambodia gamble, sending thousands of U.S. troops across the border into the "Fishhook." The invasion triggered massive campus demonstrations across America, and led to the tragedy at Kent State, where four students were shot and killed by national guardsmen. Within the White House, several of the younger members of Kissinger's staff were sick at heart.

The reaction, within and without the White House, touched off the last paroxysm of wiretapping—as though the Nixon men thought that by splicing into enough telephone wires and ringing the White House with enough buses, to act as barriers against antiwar demonstrators, they could somehow insulate themselves against the rising tide of public anger. In rapid succession, six wiretaps were placed in the thirteen days after Cambodia. JUNE was busting out all over.

It began on the night of May 2, when the White House learned that Bill Beecher would publish a story in the *Times* the next day revealing that American planes had carried out a heavy bombing attack on North Vietnam for the first time since President Johnson stopped the bombing in November 1968. Haig got in touch with Robert H. Haynes, the FBI agent who was the Bureau's liaison with the White House. Haynes knew of the wiretapping, of course, since he was the one who had been hand-delivering the logs to the White House for the President and Kissinger. According to an FBI memo, Haig said the President had called him about the Beecher leak, which, Haig said, had been "nailed down to a couple of people." But perhaps it had not been nailed down, because Haig requested that the tap on Pursley be reimposed, and that taps be placed on Beecher and two State Department officials, Richard F. Pedersen and Ambassador William H. Sullivan. For the first time, Haig asked that the taps be put on the office as well as the home of each man.

It is one of the anomalies of the entire Kissinger wiretap story that Beecher, whose article in May 1969 on the secret bombing of Cambodia had seemingly begun the tapping, was not himself wiretapped until a year later. The fact that Beecher was tapped immediately suggests that the first three persons selected were tapped primarily for their personal political views, and not because they may also have been suspected of leaking to Bill Beecher.

Now, if the tap approved by Mitchell was in fact wired into the Washington bureau of the *New York Times*, or even to Beecher's telephone in the Pentagon press room—and it is reasonable to assume that one or more of Beecher's office telephones was tapped as ordered—it meant that the President was in a position to eavesdrop on at least some of the operations of the most influential newspaper in the world, and significantly, one that opposed his policies in Southeast Asia. If Beecher's office telephone was tapped, then Richard Nixon had in effect, despite the first Amendment to the Constitution, wiretapped the *New York Times*. (He had already wiretapped the home telephones of correspondents for the *Times*, CBS, and the *Sunday Times* of London.)

The next wiretap, on the State Department's Richard Pedersen, bore a close parallel to that on Pursley (which was renewed), in that Pedersen, the counselor of the department (and later ambassador to Hungary) was the right-hand man of Secretary of State William Rogers—just as Pursley served Laird. William H. Sullivan, the fourth name on Haig's list had been U.S. ambassador to Laos, and at the time he was wiretapped he was Deputy Assistant Secretary of

State for Asian affairs. During the early sixties Sullivan had caught the eye of Averell Harriman, and owed much of his rapid advancement within the foreign service to Harriman's patronage. (When the FBI learned from the tap on Ambassador Sullivan's telephone that there was to be a meeting at Harriman's Georgetown home of persons opposed to the administration's Cambodian policy, the bureau put Harriman's house under surveillance.)

The day before the President announced that he was sending combat troops into Cambodia, two young members of Kissinger's staff, Anthony Lake and Roger Morris, had resigned in protest. Both were extremely bright and highly articulate, and later on, both became vocal and public critics of American policy in Indochina. But now they quietly handed in a "Dear Henry" letter of resignation marked "Eyes Only."

On May 12, two weeks after Lake handed in his resignation, Al Haig contacted the FBI. A letter from Hoover to Mitchell the next day said Haig advised "that Dr. Henry A. Kissinger of the White House staff" had requested taps on the home telephones of Tony Lake and Win Lord, a former foreign service officer who had worked on the Pentagon's foreign policy staff before joining Kissinger at the White House. Only four months earlier, Kissinger had made Lord his special assistant.

Lake was still on the staff; he stayed for about a month after turning in his formal resignation, but the tap on the Lakes' Lowell Street home in Washington remained in place for nine months, until February 1971, by which time Lake was already working on the campaign staff of Senator Muskie. Now the Nixon White House was secretly listening in on the conversations of both Halperin and Lake, at a time when they were advising Muskie.

Lake and his wife were outraged when they learned in the spring of 1973 that they had been wiretapped, but Lake, who personally liked Haig, telephoned him and obtained an appointment. Lake spent ten minutes in his office—Haig was by now a four-star general and Nixon's chief of staff—but Haig expressed no regrets over the tapping of his former colleague.

Lake also telephoned Kissinger to express his feelings, but from neither man did he get what he wanted. "I was hoping," Lake said in his terse way, "that someone would say that it was wrong."

The tap on Winston Lord remained on for nine months, with one ludicrous result. Lord's wife, the former Betty Bao, was Chinese and a gourmet cook. She was in the habit of telephoning her mother each morning to discuss complex recipes in Chinese. Ernie Belter's monitors were baffled; they recorded the conversations and had them translated. According to William Safire, the logs were even turned over to cryptographic experts to see if a code was hidden among the bean sprouts. "All the computer ever ground out," Safire has reported, "was Moo Goo Gai Pan."

In mid-December, at Haldeman's request, the FBI placed the last of the seventeen wiretaps on White House aide Jamie McLane. (The two other taps Kissinger did not order were on John Sears, Richard Nixon's aide, and Marvin Kalb of CBS. John Mitchell requested both.) On February 10, 1971, Hoover abruptly sent a handwritten note to Clyde Tolson and a memo listing the nine taps then in place. "Inquire of Col. Haig," Hoover wrote, "if any may be taken off." Hoover had finally had enough. Haig, who was still Kissinger's deputy, quickly got the message; he agreed, and the same day all the taps were removed.*

**Belter explained that if a "known spy" is tapped, the FBI's interest becomes total: "We want to know everything. We particularly want to know if he has some extramarital affair going"**

The reason for the sudden end became clear two years later, when the Senate Foreign Relations Committee investigated the fitness of Henry Kissinger to serve as Secretary of State. The committee inquired of William Ruckelshaus, the acting head of the FBI, how it came to pass that the taps were all dismantled on February 10, 1971. A report explained: "Mr. Ruckelshaus stated that this date was significant only because it had been the practice of Mr. Hoover to discontinue wiretaps just prior to his Congressional appearances so that he could report minimum taps in effect if he were questioned. The first appearance of Mr. Hoover after February 10, 1971 was on March 17, 1971 before a House Subcommittee on Appropriations for the FBI."

And so, it was over in February, 1971. Despite the full resources of the FBI, the physical surveillance employed in several instances, the hundreds of logs, and thousands of man-hours frittered away at taxpayer expense, after 21 months the taps produced nothing. There are documents indicating that, as a result of the wiretaps, Daniel Davidson was forced out of government by J. Edgar Hoover, with Kissinger's consent and complicity, even though Davidson had not leaked any classified information. But as Kissinger was later to admit, no leaks were found, no sources were uncovered.

*It was just two years after the last Kissinger wiretap was pulled that the national press first reported that the FBI had wiretapped reporters and White House officials. Soon Patrick Gray III, the acting FBI director, appeared before the Senate Judiciary Committee and said he could find no record of the wiretaps—not surprising, since Ernie Belter had been instructed to keep no copies of logs of the taps. But the details of the story could not hold much longer, and soon Kissinger found himself being asked embarrassing questions about taps on Halperin. "Were you aware," asked one reporter, "at the time it was taking place that the home of one of your staff members was being wiretapped, and did you get information from these wiretaps?"*

*Kissinger immediately launched into a long, double-talking explanation, in which he minimized his role in wiretapping—an explanation he would repeat many times over the course of the next three years. His claim that he had played only a passive role did not impress everyone, but was accepted not once but twice by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, which found the controversy over Kissinger's involvement in wiretapping "a question of semantics."*

*It was not, however, a question of semantics, and to this day, the central and very important question remains: Did Kissinger in his public statements and testimony before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, so minimize his own role as to deliberately mislead and deceive the press, the public and the Congress? The overwhelming burden of the evidence and the discrepancies between Kissinger's own testimony and that of every other principal is that he did precisely that.* ●

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*Ironically, on February 14, 1971, four days after the last of the seventeen taps was finally removed, Nixon installed the secret taping system in the Oval Office. Having ceased the tapping of his subordinates, he tapped himself.

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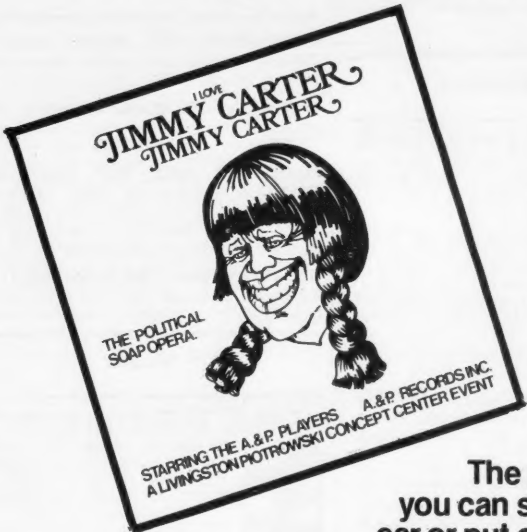
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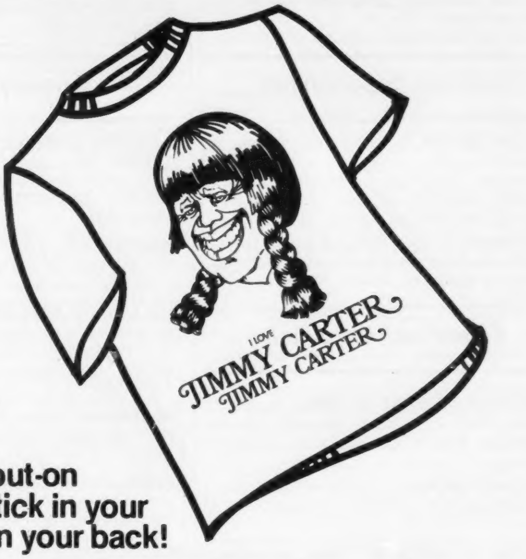

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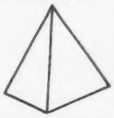

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# Final Tribute

## The monster shortage/By Lawrence Wright

*I'm truly sorry man's dominion*
*Has broken Nature's social union,*
*An' justifies that ill opinion*
*Which makes thee startle*
*At me, thy poor earth-born companion,*
*An' fellow-mortal!*

—*Robert Burns, "To a Mouse"*

Since she was first reported in 565 A.D., when she was cursed by a saint, the Loch Ness Monster has learned to use discretion in her dealings with human beings. In return she has been chased by submarines, hunted with harpoons, lured with sex baits and bombed by the Luftwaffe. For fourteen hundred years the Monster kept pretty much to herself—until 1933, when a road crew using dynamite along the shore apparently disturbed her nest. Suddenly there were sightings of a "horrible great beastie" all over the place. She had a mane, she had horns; she had one hump, two humps, three humps, no humps; she was green, black or brown; she looked like a camel, she looked like a seal; she barked; she waddled from the water like a hippopotamus. For more than four decades now Loch Ness has been ringed by amateur and professional Monster-watchers, whose gear has ranged in sophistication from Instamatics to infrared cameras and videotape capable of constant surveillance. Expedition has stumbled upon expedition. With what results? Grainy prints of black objects in the distance which may well be monsters, but may also be birds, logs, waves and practical jokes. The Monster was invisible to the latest American expedition, jointly sponsored by the Academy of Applied Science in Boston and the *New York Times*, which picked up strange stirrings on sonar, but nothing on film. It seems that the more closely the Loch is observed, the more discreet the Monster becomes. Perhaps there is a lesson here.

But let us not berate scientists who have risked professional ridicule to go to Loch Ness. Let's consider instead the consequences of their success, i.e., the capture of the Monster, or rather Monsters, for most enthusiasts believe that there is a herd of unknown creatures in the murky, peat-filled depths of Loch Ness.

First there is the problem of classification. Zoology does not admit monsters as a class. If captured, the Loch Ness Monster will be assigned her proper taxonomic division, with the result that she will become the Loch Ness Eel or Fish or Sea Cow. Or even the Loch Ness Slug. All of these numbingly mundane possibilities are advanced by the leader of several previous American expeditions, Roy P. Mackal, in his new book, *The Monsters of Loch Ness*. Mackal concludes that "a population of moderate-sized, piscivorous aquatic animals is inhabiting Loch Ness," and he envisions these animals as being 20–25 feet long (not 90 feet, as many have claimed), weighing about 2500 pounds, with smooth skin, no neck, tiny eyes and perhaps retractable antennae. By taking the most common descriptions of the Monster, Mackal offers a composite drawing of an amphibious shmoo. Monster, indeed.

Once the Former Monster has been captured, what will scientists do with her? The Japanese expedition had planned to smuggle her to Japan for undisclosed purposes, until they were reminded that the British Parliament protects the Monster as an endangered species. Even if left in Loch Ness, the poor Monster will never be free again. She'll be caged for study, bled and fed, and if she survives that indignity she'll be put on display for the hoi polloi. There will be a tour of the Monster. A "theme park" will be built on the bonnie braes of Loch Ness ("See Scotland's Monsterland!"). Her keeper will try to mate her. She will finish her days giving rides to kids.

WIDE WORLD

But it doesn't have to happen that way. Scientists could, for instance, leave the Monster alone—which is as alarming a prospect to Science as a no-growth policy to the Chamber of Commerce. Historically, as long as there have been monsters, there have been white knights waiting in line to slay them. Well, perhaps it's time to shuck that sort of thinking. In the first place, we're pretty short of monsters now: you don't hear much about the Abominable Snowman (who, don't forget, was once pursued by Sir Edmund Hillary). Vampires and werewolves are obsolete. There is a scientific expedition on the trail of Bigfoot in British Columbia—but frankly, he's never been a class monster. And extraterrestrial life turned into a real snore with the Viking project.

Furthermore, Nessie (as she is affectionately called by her admirers) is not your usual monster. Monsters of the fire-breathing, blood-sucking, havoc-wreaking, scourge-of-virgins variety are supposed to represent our savage and ignoble passions—but Nessie has never done that. Our passions stopped requiring symbols when they ceased to be repressed. Now, instead, we seem to have created a prim, chaste, sweet old lady Monster, who has more in common with Fay Wray than with King Kong. If she is our Monster, what then are we?

The child psychologist Dr. Bruno Bettelheim points out that people create monsters to give form to their anxieties, but perhaps it is the absence of monsters that makes us anxious now. There is one school of thought, for example, which believes that there used to be a Loch Ness Monster, but she died.

Of pollution.